National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, over the Park Bank,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

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RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

"HIGHER LAW" IN MISSISSIPPI.

From The Journal of Commerce.

"It is a poor rule that will not work both ways," saith the proverb, and it is poor (not pure) morality which is not as good on one side of Mason's and Dixon's line as on the other. The "higher law," for instance—by which we do not mean the law of God, but the law of man, and a very low law at that, the law of a man's personal prejudice, pride of opinion, and contempt of all law except his own will; if this law is good north of Mason's and Dixon's line, it is good south of it. Now, that higher law Abolitionists, who set up their own consciences, so called, meaning their own will, as paramount to all other laws, human and divine (for even the Bible must give way before their inward light), may see themselves in their own mirror, we copy the following advertisement from *The Weekly News*, of April 14th, published at Enterprise, Miss.:

TO SHIP OWNERS AND MASTERS OF OUR MERCANTILE MARINE.

We, the undersigned, will pay three hundred dollars ($300) per head for one thousand (1,000) native Africans, between the ages of fourteen (14) and twenty (20) years (of sexes equal) (likely, sound and healthy), to be delivered within twelve (12) months from this date, at some point which is accessible by land, between the ports of Pensacola, Fla., and Galveston, Texas. The contractors giving thirty (30) days' notice as to the time and place of delivery; or we will pay fifty ($50) dollars extra if delivered to us at Enterprise, Clark County, Miss.

WM. S. PRICE, Sen.	A. V. WOLVERTON,
WM. TOM SMITH,	JOSEPH BORDEN,
GEO. W. DOBY,	JAMES M. HAND,
A. PERRYMAN,	GEO. W. FREEMAN,
REESE PRICE, Sen.	J. L. GEORGE,
ABRAM CARR,	SAML R. OLIPHANT.
THOS. WOLVERTON,	WM. MARSHALL,
SAM'L W. HOWZE,	JAMES W. WINN,
WM. S. PRICE, Jr.	JAMES M. PARKS.

April 10th, 1859.

That we will meet the above, reference is made to the following houses in Mobile, Ala.: Boykin & McRae, Tate, Stewart & Co., G. Goode, Patrick Irwin & Co., G. P. Kelly.

We who have signed this advertisement profess to be law abiding citizens, but cannot respect any act, purporting to be law, which we believe to be unconstitutional; as such we esteem that which interdicts the slave trade, either domestic or foreign.

They are regarded as merchandise and slaves here, and in their native country by their brethren; the latter condition is forbidden by Divine law, but the same law says to the Hebrews, you *shall* enslave the brethren around you, and they *shall be* a perpetual inheritance for your children. We have never known native Africans semi-civilized but by our plan of the American institution of domestic slavery.

We feel that great mutual benefits have and are flowing from the institution, and esteem it a duty to extend the privilege of becoming semi civilized to other of Africa's degraded race, by mingling, at least, a like number with the four millions now among us, that reciprocal benefits may result.

The signers of this advertisement, like the Seward-Abolitionists of the North, have, in the abstract, a great regard for the law of the land; but they find the same difficulties in the way of obeying it that the higher law men of the North encounter in the case of the Fugitive Slave law, the Dred Scott decision, and sundry other attempts to restrain their freedom (which, being a "natural right," is, of course, "inalienable"). These difficulties are thus stated in the advertisement before us: 1. The advertisers "cannot respect any act, purporting to be law, which they believe to be *unconstitutional*"; and such they regard the law of Congress which prohibits the importation of slaves. 2. Their *consciences* are violated by being restrained in this matter. The command of God to the ancient Israelites (as our Mississippi friends interpret it) they hold to be binding also upon themselves; and any law of man which countermands this higher law, they, as conscientious Christians, cannot obey. It is, in short, their extraordinary love of law which compels them to disregard this unconstitutional and unscriptural act of Congress, "purporting to be law," which would restrict their freedom of trade in negroes.

Now, if this is not good logic, supposing the premises to be correct, we should like to ask our Northern higher law friends, why not? And as to the premises, what objection can be consistently urged against them by those who claim, precisely on the same grounds, that the Fugitive Slave law is a nullity and may be rightfully resisted? It will not do to say that the conscience of Southern men is wrong, and their interpretation of the Bible wrong, for there is no authoritative umpire to decide these points. In regard to the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law, there *is* an umpire, created by the Constitution itself; and it has pronounced its opinion unequivocally that the law is constitutional. So has the supreme tribunal of every State in the Union that has pronounced upon it at all, except Wisconsin. Yet our higher law friends are in no way embarrassed by this fact, but fall back upon a still higher law, which, as we said before, has no authoritative interpreter—the law by which the above-named Mississippians seek to justify themselves for disregarding the act of Congress prohibiting the importation of slaves.

Our chief object in presenting this case is to show those men at the North who, under the pretext of a higher law, trample upon the laws of the land that the same higher law, differently interpreted, is just as available for making slaves as for setting them free, for bad purposes as for good; and, therefore, that it is a very dangerous thing to resort to such a pretext and make it a basis of action, especially in a free country like ours, where every act of Congress may be fairly presumed to express the general conscience of the nation, and their belief that it is not inconsistent with the law of God.

Two prominent and very serious evils have already resulted from the higher law doctrine, as announced in the United States Senate eight or ten years ago by Wm. H. Seward, and echoed and reechoed through the pulpit and the press. One is a growing contempt for all law. The *fact* will hardly be denied by any one. It is patent on all sides. Some may attribute it to other causes, and other causes may have cooperated; but when half the pulpits in the land, and half the presses, are engaged from year to year in denouncing particular laws and declaring that they ought not to be obeyed, and in vilifying the government and Congress, from whom the laws emanate, a different result would be next to a miracle. Along with this disrespect for the laws comes, of course, a carelessness in the public mind about their enforcement, and a difficulty, not to say impossibility, in finding juries who will convict a transgressor, or judges who will sentence him to the punishment he deserves, especially if the crime lies in the direction of popular sentiment. The consequence is that, to an alarming extent, crime goes unpunished. This again encourages the commission of crime—there being so little probability of punishment—and thus we are drifting upon rocks and quicksands, from which escape will be impossible without a speedy and effectual reform.

The other great evil to which we allude, as resulting from the higher law doctrine and the practice under it, is the reaction which it produces at the South. Ten years ago, and especially thirty years ago, before the Abolition crusade commenced, the tone of public sentiment at the South, on the subject of the slave trade, was as healthy as at the North. It was also, in all the slave States bordering upon the free, becoming adverse to the long continuance of slavery, insomuch that, in every one of those border slave States, Conventions were held, or other public action was taken, looking to the gradual abolition and final extinction of the system. Had Abolitionism deferred its advent five years longer, the emancipation party in all those border States would have triumphed. But misguided philanthropy, mixed, we believe, with much that was unholy and wicked, undertook to hurry up the movement, and by that act defeated and killed it. Even the emancipationists would not brook foreign interference, and especially such interference. State emancipation was dead, and has not revived since. For this disastrous result, Abolitionism was and is responsible.

Now for the slave *trade*. Until within the last year or two, there had not been an instance, for between thirty and forty years, to the best of our knowledge and belief, of a cargo of slaves being brought into the United States from abroad; and, as we said before, public sentiment at the South was unanimous against the traffic, and in favor of sustaining the laws of Congress which prohibited it under the severest penalties. But behold the change! The Constitution or compact by which the Northern and Southern States covenanted to become one nation stipulated, as the result of long-continued and anxious deliberation, for *the surrender of fugitive slaves*, on their being claimed by their masters. An act was passed by Congress in 1793, and approved by the immortal Washington, designed to carry this stipulation into effect. But in process of time it became in a great measure inoperative (if it was not so from the first), and the South demanded a law which should be efficient for the object sought. At length, in 1850, such a law (the present Fugitive Slave law) was enacted. Immediately the cry was raised at the North that it could not and should not be enforced. And then ensued a ferocious warfare against the South, and especially against the slave interest, which has continued to this day. The law was denounced from the pulpit and the press as immoral and wicked; religious (?) papers exhorted fugitive slaves to supply themselves with arms and shoot down the officer who should attempt to arrest them, if necessary to prevent the arrest; Abolition mobs in repeated instances rescued fugitives who had been arrested, from the officers of the law; in one or more cases the master, instead of having his servants returned to him according to the Constitution, was himself killed by the mob, and in almost all cases they have been harassed beyond endurance, and subjected to all manner of annoyances and costs. When, for any reason, it was not deemed expedient to resort to violence to prevent the execution of the law, the same result has often been reached by other means; so that in one way or another the law has been rendered in a great measure inoperative, and thus the South has been practically denied the fulfilment of what was to them an important and, according to Chief-Justice Story, an indispensable condition of the national compact. Added to this was a grand system of *stealing slaves from their masters*—both from their plantations and from themselves personally, if travelling with servants through the Northern States. It is estimated that, within the last eight years, several thousand slaves have been stolen or decoyed away from their masters by Abolition emissaries and agents. Thus the South find that in the estimation of Northern clergymen and others (i. e. many of them) whose business it is to tell men their duty, it is no crime, but a meritorious act, to trample under foot a law of Congress; and they naturally reason that if this be so, they may as well profit by the teaching, and supply at one extremity of the Union the vacuum caused by Abolition thievery at the other end. Here is the secret of whatever disposition there is at the South to revive the slave trade, and to screen the parties concerned in the importation of slaves. We are not sure that, in any instance thus far, a jury have decided contrary to the evidence, but we can readily imagine that neither juries nor the community generally at the South manifest as much earnestness in bringing this class of criminals to justice as they would do if they had been honestly dealt with by the North. At any rate, Northern men should be able to wash their own hands from such misconduct before they complain of it in others. Whatever the South are doing or intend to do on this head (and we trust it is not much) is done by way of retaliation, and to place themselves back, as nearly as they can, in the position where they stood prior to the stipulation in regard to fugitive slaves, which the North practically refuse to carry out.

One word by way of caution. Heretofore, when we have spoken disparagingly of "the higher law," some editor or preacher has charged us with holding that men's laws are to be obeyed rather than God's. The charge is false, and they know it. It is under this fair exterior that they conceal a poison which, unless it can be counteracted, will ruin the nation, as it has already ruined many individuals who have handled it. We never yet saw or heard of a man who denied that God's law (not men's inferences from or misconstruction of God's law) is to be obeyed, whatever becomes of human laws.

Selections.

"DISTINCTIVELY CHRISTIAN" CHARACTER OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

From The Liberator.

LETTER FROM REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER.

To the Editor of The Liberator.

YOUR correspondent, C. K. W., having found that neither of the three alleged charges against the American Anti-Slavery Society, on the ground of which he accused the Secretary of the Church Anti-Slavery Society with "false witness and wilful calumny," was ever either made, intended, or implied, now changes his ground, and requests the Secretary of that Society "to show, by specification, either,

"1. That the *constitutional basis* of the American Anti-Slavery Society is, in any respect, other than distinctively Christian; or,

"2 That the *official action* of that body has ever been other than distinctively Christian; or else,

"3. To retract his statement that there has not existed—before the formation of the *Church Anti Slavery Society of the United States*—any distinctively Christian organization against slavery."

Now, in the first place, the Secretary of the Church Anti-Slavery Society never has affirmed or implied that the constitutional basis of the American Anti-Slavery Society was any other than Christian. On the contrary, he has maintained always, and has asserted in the late Worcester Address, that it was an outgrowth of Christianity, and *essentially a religious movement*.

2. If by "official action of that body," is meant its action as a Society, then he has no desire or ability to show *that the action of that Society has been in any way contrary to real Christianity*.

3. Neither can he retract the statement that, so far as his knowledge extends, until the formation of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, there has not been any *distinctively* Christian or Church organization against slavery. For what is plainly meant by a "distinctively Christian or Church organization," and what would be generally understood by such phraseology, but an organization distinctly originated by Christians, and *distinctively* (that is, according to Webster, with distinction, plainly) formed out of persons connected with the visible Church, or, in other words, an organization in the bosom of the Church, and intended and declared to be the exponent and organ of Christians, or of the Church?

That the American Anti-Slavery Society, while it has an acknowledged basis of Christian principles, is not such, C. K. W. admits; for in his exposition of the American Anti-Slavery Society's Platform, I find it expressly said (in answer to the question, What should be the platform laid down upon which to invite every opponent of slavery to stand?)—"In the first place, it ought not to be a religious organization."

On the other hand, the Church Anti-Slavery Society professes to be and "is labelled" as a distinctively Christian organization. It is, and it is meant to be, while catholic and liberal, a truly religious, though in no sense sectarian, movement. The Preamble to its Constitution and Declaration of Principles says: "We, a company of Ministers and Christians, of one mind and heart, as in duty bound, by our common allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ, do solemnly pledge ourselves to one another and before God, TO REMEMBER THEM THAT ARE IN BONDS AS BOUND WITH THEM, and to do all that we can for the utter destruction of that atrocious system of chattel slavery which is maintained in the United States; and as a means to that end, we hereby form ourselves into a Society, to be called The Church Anti-Slavery Society of the United States."

The first article of its Constitution reads thus:

"The object of this Association being to unite all Christians, on the basis of the Word of God, against slavery, and to concentrate the energies of the Christian Ministry and of Christian Churches upon the extinction of that great sin, the condition of membership shall be the adoption of its pledge and principles, and the payment of an annual contribution for its support."

Four of the Principles put forth in its Declaration are as follows:

"6 No compromise with slavery allowable, but its total extinction to be demanded at once, in the name of God, who has commanded 'to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke.'

"7. The total abolition of the vast system of American slavery to be accepted as the providential mission and duty of the American clergy and the American Churches in this generation.

"8. The Church and the ministry to form the conscience of the nation in respect to slavery, and to make it loyal to the Law of God, against all unjust judgments of courts, and unrighteous legislation of Congress.

"9. The Word of God our charter to freedom and our armory against slavery, and any assertion that the Lord God sanctions slavery practical infidelity."

In the first address by its Secretary, under the auspices of the Executive Committee at Worcester (not to refer to the paragraphs already quoted), it is said, among things which show the movement to be professedly and *distinctively* Christian—"We are to use our own pulpits, and to procure the use of other pulpits, for the inculcation of anti-slavery truth. We are to plead for the oppressed in public prayer. We are to procure the action of Churches of all denominations, and of Ministerial and Ecclesiastical bodies, in condemnation of slavery, and in rebuke of its defenders. Especially are we, in our capacity as a Society, *as an exponent of the Church*, to bring the Word of God to bear against slavery, and to marshal the people of God in resolute array against every phase, and feature, and fortress of the slave system. It is to evoke and concentrate the consecrated energies of the Christian Church and the Christian ministry upon the work of abolishing this great evil that the Church Anti-Slavery is called into existence."

The subjects of the late revival are appealed to *distinctively* as Christians, *to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them*, to array themselves, from the beginning of their Christian course, on the side of the oppressed, and to recognize their Master where he hides himself in the person of the poor unfriended slave; and so to fulfil toward him the great duty of Christianity, that they shall hear at last from their impartial Lord—"Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

It is declared finally, in that Address, that "the consideration which, above all others, renders it necessary for the Churches at the North to unite in a more positive and manifest movement against slavery than heretofore, and which influences us in this organization, is the change in the attitude toward slavery assumed of late by the Church South, as represented by its leading Divines, Assemblies, Conferences and acknowledged organs of communication with the Christian world."

After a thorough and minute exhibition of that change, it is said to be the great fact of this Southern apostacy that now renders necessary a *positive expression from the Northern Churches*: "And it is to advocate, and, if possible, secure, such an expression, and to give to it moral weight by the union of the people of God in it of every denomination, that we have organized a Church Anti-Slavery Society, and that we now solicit every Christian opponent of slavery in the United States to join in this movement. Planted firmly on the word of God, let us unite in condemning slavery, and in refusing fellowship to those who support and practise it; and by the moral force of such a testimony, maintained in love, the abolition of slavery will be soon achieved. Let, then, Christian Churches of every name solemnly enter into league and covenant against the sum of all villanies."

Thus it will be seen that the Church Anti-Slavery Society is *distinctively* a Christian or Church organization, in the sense of being founded upon strictly Christian principles (like the American Anti-Slavery Society), and being also composed of Christian men *distinctively*, and being intended to represent Christian Churches in reference to slavery. Whether it will do the latter remains to be seen. Whether the Christian ministry and membership will so far come into it as to justify the assumptions of its being the exponent or organ of the Church is yet to be proven.

Such is the view entertained by C. K. W. of the character and relations of the visible Churches of Christ in the United States that *he has no faith in their being brought, to any extent, into such an organization*. He believes, with me, that Christianity is unfairly represented in the visible Church, and he believes further, if I mistake not, that the *true* Church is *outside, rather than inside, the visible Church*. That is a question which I will not argue with him here. But in answer to the question, "What does H. T. C. mean by saying—'But that Society has not been the representative of the Church'?" I answer that he simply means to state a fact, without assuming it to be either an error or a defect. It is a simple fact that Christian ministers and Churches have not so far entered into the American Anti-Slavery Society that it could stand as the representative of the Church. Elsewhere I have stated that, with its Christian basis, and being essentially a religious movement, and founded in prayer, it ought to have been adopted and guided by the Church at the time of its formation, through the cordial coöperation and control of her representative men in the ministry. But the fact is, it has not been so, and the American Anti-Slavery Society is not, therefore, a representative or exponent of the American Church. Perhaps the fact will prove also to be that the Church Anti-Slavery Society, with its acknowledged Christian basis in the Word of God, and with the acknowledged Christian character and standing of its founders and members so far, *is not any more the representative or exponent of the visible American Church than the American Anti-Slavery Society is. But God may use it as a touch-stone to the Churches, whereby to make visible the hostility of his real Church to slavery in all denomtnations, and concentrate that hostility and give it power.* The great religious societies of the country and its largest ecclesiastical organizations are verily guilty before God in reference to slavery at the present time; nor can they maintain favor with the people, if they do not go practically and earnestly against this great wickedness. And the writer of this solemnly believes, if there be not a speedy change in their attitude towards the great sin of the times, then some of the dearest present organizations and agencies of the Church will be crushed under the weight of their sin of omission, and their refusing *to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.* H. T. C.

Jewett City, Conn., April 23, 1859.

REJOINDER, BY CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

It is unfortunate that the actual differences of opinion between Mr. Cheever and myself, in regard to anti-slavery, should be complicated with a difficulty which protracts discussion, and renders it more wearisome and less profitable than it might otherwise be. He seems to me to use language loosely, inaccurately, and often inconsistently with himself, and to interpret the language of others with the same laxity; but whether this be so or not, he certainly often applies to language, his own and that of others, a different sense from that which I understand to be its true meaning. Under these circumstances, I will say as briefly as possible what seems to me to be needed in reply to his article above printed; and, since I began my comments upon the newspaper report of his address at Worcester with the heading, "Clerical Calumny"—an expression which, however justly applied, by his own admission, to the report, proved not to be applicable to the address—I am happy now to testify that I see no reason to charge Mr. Cheever with any other than a fair and honest purpose in what he has said, and that the criticism which I have yet to make upon his language implies no fault in his spirit.

The very first sentence in Mr. Cheever's letter gives a specimen of the inaccuracy to which I have alluded. I receive with entire confidence Mr. Cheever's testimony that no injustice to the American Anti-Slavery Society, its founder, or its principal laborers, was *intended* by his language; but I think that ideas absolutely unjust and untrue in regard to them were so strongly *implied* in it that nineteen out of twenty of the hearers of the address must have received from it the very impressions which I complain of. And I regard it as eminently fortunate for all parties concerned that my criticism upon the erroneous statements of the report has brought out Mr. Cheever's explanation of his purpose and meaning in the address; a purpose and meaning which the language of these portions of the address which he himself quoted, in *The Liberator* (April 22d), did not convey to me, and I think would not convey to any one without the accompanying explanations.

I understand Mr. Cheever now to admit—

1. That the Constitutional basis of the American Anti-Slavery Society is a Christian basis.

2. That the action of that Society has been in no way contrary to real Christianity.

3. That, by his assertion that no distinctively Christian organization against slavery had existed before the formation (two months ago) of the "Church Anti-Slavery Society of the United States," he meant only that no organization consisting solely of church-members had previously been formed for that purpose.

This last statement is one which I am not in the slightest degree inclined to controvert. But veneration for Christianity, no less than regard for accuracy, requires me to controvert the assumption that a Church institution and a Christian institution are synonymous, and the kindred assumption that an institution founded by church-members is therefore a Christian institution. Does the fact that Smith, Jones & Co. are church-members make their shop a Christian institution, and entitle it to be distinguished in kind from the shop of White, Brown & Co., next door, where business is done in precisely the same way? I trow not.

The word Christian, through the exceedingly various character and conduct of the persons who have desired to distinguish themselves by that name—a name which still remains venerable when employed in its true sense—has come to be used with great freedom and looseness of signification. This is inevitable, and we need not trouble ourselves to criticize every instance of such laxity. But when it is attempted to set aside the highest, most genuine and most characteristic meaning of the word, in a place where that meaning is the very one required, and to substitute in that place one of the lower and looser significations, it is time to make protest.

The Jews, we are told, had no dealings with the Samaritans. This is usually regarded by Gentiles as a prejudice on the part of the Jews, and a fact rather discreditable to them. The church-members of our age and nation do not practise this degree of exclusiveness. They are perfectly willing to associate with non-church members in all the ordinary relations of life. In a shop or a bank, a pic-nic or a political party, a railroad car or a fire company, church members do not pretend or desire to separate themselves from others; even in the partially exceptional case (of very modern invention) of the "Young Men's *Christian* Association"—so-called—the church-members no more refuse to associate with non-church-members than slaveholders do with slaves; in both cases, all they require is that the *low-caste* division shall be humble and subservient. But when, in the department of philanthropy—no, I am generalizing too far; for the church-members do not refuse to associate with others in founding a Temperance Society, a Hospital, a Provident Association—it is only the Anti-Slavery cause which receives this particular mark of attention; when, in the department of labor for the slave, certain church-members declare that no one shall be admitted to coöperate with them who is not also a church-member—that no one shall join them in doing this good thing, this Christian thing, unless he has first labelled himself Christian-in-full, to all intents and purposes whatsoever—and claim, at the same time, that their association is more Christian instead of less Christian for this pitiful restriction—it is certainly time to make protest.

I use the adjective "Christian" in the sense which Worcester gives to it—"partaking of Christianity"; and I have said (in a former article on the same subject) that I understand by Christianity that rule of life taught by Jesus of Nazareth, which he himself summed up as consisting of *love to God, practically combined with, and manifested by, love to man.* I presume that when the first teacher of Christianity made this summary of it, and told the story of the man who had fallen among thieves in illustration of it, and bestowed special approval upon the Samaritan (a representative of the philanthropists of that day), and also bestowed special reprobation upon the Priest and Levite (representatives of the clergy of that day), he *meant precisely what he said*; and I therefore decline accepting any element additional to these two—love to God and love to man—as an essential element of Christianity.

Now, if the Constitution of the American Anti-Slavery Society (formed when the clergy were, almost without exception, practically pro-slavery) contained anything at variance with Christianity, or tending to discredit it, or to lead men aside from it—or if, on the other hand, the action of the Society under this Constitution had been turned to the injury of Christianity, had tended to make its members love God less or love man less—then there would have been a reason for Christians to do their duty to the slave by a separate organization, that faithfulness to the slave might not interfere with their faithfulness to Christianity. But Mr. Cheever expressly concedes that neither of these causes existed. He concedes, if I understand him, that the constitutional basis of the Society is in accordance with Christianity, and that the action of the Society has been in no way unchristian. Why, then, should not the clergy and the church-members, as fast as they became converted from their pro-slavery position, have joined this Society, and coöperated with it in this good work, this Christian work, equally Christian whether the persons who were doing it *called themselves* Christians or not?

If these clergymen and church-members (because thinking themselves holier than others, or because preferring to salute their brethren only, or for any other reason) had chosen to refuse all partnership of others in working for the slave, without trying to turn their exclusiveness to the discredit of others, no harm would have been done; it is a free country, to *this* extent; I think nobody would have complained of them, still less interfered with them, whatever opinion might have been silently entertained as to the unwisdom of their exclusiveness. But it is a notorious fact that several movements which have been made since the American Anti-Slavery Society has been in operation—and made in the same general direction as the "Church Anti-Slavery Society," though less fully elaborated (I mean the "Clerical Appeal" of 1838, the "New Organization" of 1840, &c., &c.)—have attempted to throw upon their predecessor the stigma of being "unchristian," "irreligious," "godless," and the like. Now, though Mr. Cheever had no intention to make these charges (either in the first address before his new Society, or since), though he has specially disclaimed the ideas implied in these charges, and though much of his later language has shown a careful purpose to avoid them—still I think the phraseology of his original address, in his own version of it, would naturally suggest to nineteen readers out of twenty, as it did to me, that those thoughts were in his mind, and in the mind of the Society which he represented; and also that, if the speaker and the Society did not echo these calumnies, *no more did they deny them, frankly and spontaneously admitting at the beginning of their enterprise that which Mr. Cheever now admits in reply to questions.*

I can by no means admit that the exclusion of all but church-members from an organization entitles it to be called a *Christian* organization; I think that a conformity to Christian ideas in its basis and in its action (such as H. T. C. has admitted, if I understand him, of the American Anti-Slavery Society) would be much better ground for such an epithet. Yet I think the wisdom of that Society in avoiding such an epithet, and thus obtaining the great advantage of coöperation among *all* the friends of the slave, whether or not they thought themselves entitled to the name of Christian, is clear and manifest. The slave cannot afford to dispense with the help of any who are disposed to help him, whether regenerate, unregenerate, or infidel; and therefore the American Anti-Slavery Society does not refuse the help of either of these classes. Nay, more. The Christian member of that Society may legitimately rejoice that any infidel who, for love of the slave, has sought membership in it is, thus far, doing a *good* work, and also a *Christian* work.

Yet Mr. Cheever still maintains that this Society ought to have been *adopted and guided* by the Church, and *controlled* by her representative men in the ministry! In the name of common sense, why? and how? Why should those persons *adopt* it, who hated, opposed and maligned it? And how should those persons *control* it, who were not even members of it? Does Mr. Cheever think that the system of *caste* lately incorporated into the "Young Men's Christian [!] Associations" ought to bear rule, and ought always to have borne rule, in *all* associations? that when a church-member comes into any Society, the members should hang their heads, stop voting, and let him decide everything? that when a minister comes in, the President ought immediately to vacate his chair? Is the old rule to be quite abolished, that a Society shall appoint its own government by the votes of its own members?

Mr. Cheever admits that perhaps the "Church Anti-Slavery Society of the United States" will be found not to be, after all, a representative or exponent of "the visible American Church." I think he may safely omit the word *perhaps* from this statement; and I think, moreover, that the probability of God's using this Society as a touch-stone, or for anything else except a warning to his fellow church-members, will depend upon the fact whether it is *honest*; whether it treats a corrupt Church with untempered mortar—half concession and half admonition—or whether its action shall be of that radical kind which looks, with a single eye, to the advancement of truth and righteousness, regardless whether the *American* Church stand or fall.—C. K. W.

THE EMBLAZONMENT OF OUR SHAME.

A MORE glaring and public emblazonment of our guilt and shame as a nation of adulterers could hardly be conceived than is thrown up to view in the procedures of the Sickles trial at Washington. In that trial it has been announced that slaves have no marital rights, and, there being no marital rights recognized as between slaves, there could be no adultery. The case of a white man, whose marital rights are recognized by law and by society, and those of a black man who has no marital rights, are very different. It must be so, the Judge averred, because slaves cannot contract marriage. The consequence follows, among others, that no white man can be punished for the crime of adultery with the wife of a black man, but, on the contrary, if the black should catch the white man in the very crime, and smite him down, although if the injured husband had been himself a white man, and had murdered the adulterer, it would have been merely manslaughter in the eye of the law, yet being a black man, it becomes murder. The crime of adultery was no crime, committed by the white man on the black, because slaves have no marital rights, and therefore such a crime as that of adultery is impossible. And the injured husband, being a black man, and having no right to his own wife, exclusive, and no right to be thrown into a passion, or state of indignation or excitement, by such an injury as that of the violation of his wife by his white owner. And this shame in the open eye of day! This page of diabolic law pleaded in Washington! This jurisprudence, reeking with such abomination, foul with such impiety and licentiousness, appealed to, and commented upon, in a solemn trial for the protection of common morality!

Slaves no marital rights! No rights as husband and wife, no possible contract of matrimony, no right to each other's persons and affections, consequently no such crime as that of adultery possible to be committed! No rights of parents or children, no family ties or rights, no possibility of the family institution as appointed of God for mankind, and consequently no sin in the violation and breaking up of that institution, in the sundering and selling of its members, or in turning it into a factory for the breeding of stock!

It must be so, if, as the Judge avers, adultery is not possible, because the slaves cannot contract marriage. And the Judge merely laid down the law. Let us see how the case stands in Stroud's Slave Laws, page 99: "A slave cannot even contract matrimony; the association which takes place among slaves, and is *called* marriage, being properly designated by the word *contubernium*, a relation which has no sanctity, and to which no civil rights are attached. A slave has never maintained an action against the violator of his bed. A slave is not admonished for continence, or punished for fornication or adultery; never prosecuted for bigamy, or petty treason, nor for killing a husband being a slave." And page 92, "A slave cannot be a party before a judicial tribunal in any species of action against his master, no matter how atrocious may have been the injury which he has received from him."

We will not now prosecute the quotations or demonstrations of these infamous laws and principles. Our national jurisprudence, adopting the atrocious slave-codes, is a source of perpetual moral debauchery and corruption. And suppose a stranger, who never had heard of such enormities, present at the trial in Washington for a man's killing another for the crime of adultery with his wife, to have paused in astonishment at that legal and judicial announcement that slaves cannot contract marriage, and have no marital rights, and, therefore, adultery or incontinence is no more sin among them, nor white men ever to be punished for its commission upon them. Suppose such a stranger to have asked how many such anomalous creatures we have among us, for whom the distinctions of God's law are done away, and who have no rights that white men are bound to respect. The answer is, Only four or five millions. Four or five millions! And has the Bible been given them? Are they not taught to read? Is there no attempt to bring them out of this Sodomic state of morals and of ignorance? Are there no mansions for them? Bibles! the Bible Society was not instituted for that. Taught to read? The law for protection of the masters forbids that. Missions and the Gospel! The American Board can have nothing to do with slavery, and, not being an Anti-Slavery Society, cannot exclude from the Churches under its care those who uphold and practise this sin. The American Board must be silent, and must admit slaveholders to the communion of the Churches, and the Churches must be silent. And so we grope for the wall like the blind. We look for judgment, but there is none, for salvation, but it is far from us. Speaking oppression, conceiving and uttering from the heart words of falsehood, judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off, for truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter. How long, O Lord, holy and true!—*Dr. Cheever, in The Independent.*

PALLIATIVES FOR SIN.

THE word of God hidden in a good and honest heart is a great power—the power of God. This prepares and makes the true reformer, and vain are all reformations where the Word of God, and some honest regard for his will and glory, are not at the bottom. This is the rule of all true philanthropy: what is God's will, what does God's righteousness, what does Christ's Gospel require? not, what is convenient, what is expedient, but what is in accordance with God's Word and will.

Then again, it is not a milky, mucilaginous application of God's Word that is needed against sin, not an emollient, or palliative, merely, that so many physicians prescribe, and so many patients are fond of; as for example the conservatives of sin, and apologists for it, and doctors of its abuses in the case of slavery. Leeches ought to be applied to draw blood, and are not to be boiled into a poultice, much less concocted into a medicated soup, to nourish the system, and give it strength to bear up under the sin. Just to think of treating slavery as an institution, which the Word of God must by no means attack as sin in itself, that being radicalism and *ultraism*, but must merely teach the moral duties that grow out of slavery, and oppose the evils and abuses of the system! Let the system stand, with all its vested rights, which you have no authority to meddle with! You may safely and prudently oppose its *extension*, but you are forbidden to attempt its *abolition*. If you are an abolition doctor, you shall be turned out of the house. You can be admitted to practice only with palliatives, and only upon symptoms, not upon the sin itself as sin. The four millions that are sick and dying, you must leave alone, unvisited, untouched, and must confine your efforts to the outskirts, to keep the cancer from extending into new territories. Let it still eat, undisturbed, where it rages; to meddle with it there would be sheer madness.

Open your dictionary at the word *palliate*, that being the whole amount of many persons' efforts in the way of reform, especially against slavery. "To *palliate*, to clothe, to cover, to cover with excuse, to extenuate, to soften by favorable representations, to cure imperfectly or temporarily, not radically, to ease not cure." Keep the disease, by all means, do not excommunicate it, do not abolish it, but keep it, and work with it. The patient is profitable, in this case, only while he is diseased; ease him, but do not cure him, and he will pay you for thus doctoring him, as long as he lives.

But this is not God's method, this is not a Gospel reform. God's word is to be used against sin, for its abolition. It is a word of righteousness, a medicine for cure, and not merely a milk for comfort. And every one, says Paul, that useth milk, is unskilful in the word of righteousness.—*Dr. Cheever, in The Independent.*

PROGRESS OF EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.

St. Petersburg (March 31) correspondence of The London Telegraph.

HAVING been able to give you the opening speeches of some of the provincial nobility committees instituted for the preliminary discussion of the serf question, I now, by way of an interesting sequel, proceed to communicate the closing addresses delivered at one of those few committees which have already finished their labors:

On the 4th of March, the Governor of the province of Tchernigoff, previous to dismissing the members of the local commission, addressed them to the following effect:

Most Honorable Members—The hopes of both government and nobility have been reposed in you. A highly difficult task was appointed for your solution. You have had to devise measures for the preservation of the general welfare, at a time when the mutual relations between proprietors and peasants are required to be altered. You have now finished your important work with entire success, and I am convinced, gentlemen, your friendly endeavors for the public good will be answered by the gratitude, not only of our noble brethren, but of the peasantry also—that peasantry whose future prosperity you have resolved to found. Most honored gentlemen—*In allowing the peasantry a greater portion of their time for free labor in their own interest, you have given them the possibility of raising themselves by the fruit of their own industry to the rank of landed proprietors in their own rights.* If the peasantry are capable of appreciating the gracious intentions of the Czar and the condescension of the nobility, they will acquire not only house and garden, but arable land to boot. When again at home, most honored gentlemen, you with just pride may say: "In passing our resolutions we have been actuated by considerations of reason and common sense, but no motives of personal interest were allowed to influence our decisions." If a few years hence you perceive friendly relations established between the nobility and peasantry, you, with a special feeling of satisfaction, may consider such a state of things as the fruits of your own labors. During the whole term of your seven months' discussion, I have not, on one single occasion, had to remind you of your duties. You have fulfilled them spontaneously and irreproachably. One great end, the public good, and one great motive, your own conscience, have been the guiding stars of your discussions. I consider myself happy in being allowed an opportunity of expressing this. Permit me, your Excellencies the President of the nobility of this province and the coadjutor of the President, to return my heartfelt thanks for your kindly conducting the debates. And you, gentlemen, constituting the leading committee of the nobility, accept my acknowledgment for the untiring sympathy constantly evinced during the course of the debates. I may say you have performed your duty as it becomes true noblemen. No personal advantages have directed your determinations; the advantage of the peasantry and your own interests have been regarded by you as separarate and contradictory elements. I hope that all honorable members of this assembly will unite with me in acknowledging the diligence and assiduity shown by the commissioners entrusted with the drawing up of your report. It is known to all of you that they have labored day and night, and that the result of their incessant application equals the steadiness with which they have pursued their path. We are now about to separate, but shall assemble again on the event of your report being sanctioned by his Majesty. Allow me, then, to add once more, gentlemen, how much it has rejoiced me to see you consider yourselves as so many members of one truly noble family, who, though occasionally differing in opinion, are at least never severed from each other by egotistical principles. Farewell, gentlemen.

This laudatory address was answered by speeches from a number of other gentlemen. One of them, being unable to discover any more fitting mode of giving vent to his enthusiasm, must needs declaim some verses of home manufacture, expressly got up for the occasion. I am sorry to have been unsuccessful in my endeavors to procure a copy of the rhapsody—all the more remarkable, no doubt, from its being the laborious product of an agricultural gentleman usually interred in a sort of Russian backwoodism. From the various discourses volunteered in reply to the Governor, I select for translation that of one Monsieur Leesogub, who shall at once speak for himself:

Our work is finished; the fruit of our labors has been surrendered to the judgment of our cotemporaries and those who follow us. We shall be happy if found worthy the acknowledgment of either; happier still if, on the basis of our resolutions, the welfare of our native country shall be established. Notwithstanding occasional differences of opinion, we have all this time coöperated in the most amicable manner. Guided by mutual esteem, we have felt convinced that good and disinterested motives alone have actuated the hearts of each and all. More than once my own propositions have been rejected by the committee. Though self-love might receive a wound, I yet respected the decisions of the committee, knowing that so difficult a subject could only be purified from error and mistake by passing through the ordeal of free and open

other propositions mooted in the argument, as to the constitutionality of the act of Congress adverted to, and the right of the State tribunals to interfere with the final action of the District Courts in that behalf, altogether unnecessary.

From The Ashtabula Sentinel.

The action of the Supreme Court does not of course preclude the issue of a writ of *habeas corpus* by the Supreme Court, at what they deem the proper time. Indeed, we learn privately that the Judges have intimated their willingness to do so, and even to meet for that purpose, if they should have adjourned, if such an application be made. It is a delicate matter to arraign a court on a question of this kind; but it is not to be disguised that a feeling of dissatisfaction exists among the people, at the course taken by our Supreme Court. There was one way for the Court to have granted the writ, and discharged the prisoners. That was to have passed upon the constitutionality of the law, and released them on that ground; but that of course would have been at a sacrifice of the courtesy or comity so highly prized by courts. The question then was for them to decide whether to observe that comity and exhaust it upon the U. S. District Court before they acted, and thus leave Judge Wilson without excuse on that ground, or to take the responsibility of meeting the case at a stage of proceeding less favorable to the dignity of courts.

The fact that this refusal was unanimous and that some members of the Court are known to be favorable to a final discharge forbids the conclusion that they will permit the prisoners to suffer the penalties of the fugitive act, if their action can prevent it.

From The Milwaukee Free Democrat.

Our readers will see the force and reasonableness of this decision, and will recollect that our Supreme Court made just such a decision on one occasion, in the case of Booth. The Court of Ohio refuses to take action in the case while yet in the hands of the U. S. Court and before final action by that tribunal, for the very obvious reason that such interference in a case pending and not decided in any other Court would be unjustifiable as well as uncalled for. Had the Court of Ohio the right to interfere, it would still have no right to assume that the U. S. Court would make a wrong decision in the case, which alone would make its interference necessary. It is true Bushnell has been convicted, but, if we understand it, not yet sentenced, which leaves his case, with all the rest, yet in the hands of the Court.

When the U. S. Court gets through with the prisoners—convicts them, as it probably will—and commits them to the charge of the jailor, and its action becomes complete and final, we shall see what conclusion the Ohio Court will arrive at, if appealed to, as we presume it will be. We trust it will be tried, and the result, we have little doubt, will correspond with the action of the Supreme Court of this State.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

REMOVAL.—The Office of THE STANDARD has been removed to the Park Bank Building (adjoining Lovejoy's Hotel), No. 5 Beekman Street. Our friends, after ascending the broad stairs to the second story, cannot fail to discover our sign—

ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD,

in large letters, on the first right-hand door.

ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Phonographic Report by J. M. W. YERRINTON.

THE Twenty-sixth Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society commenced at the Assembly Rooms, Broadway, on the morning of Tuesday last. A large company of the friends of the slave was present, gathered together from various sections of the country, including very many from New England and from Pennsylvania and other States.

The meeting was called to order at 10 1-2 o'clock by WM LLOYD GARRISON, President of the Society, who read the fifth and part of the fifteenth chapters of Exodus.

Rev. A. D. MAYO, of Albany, then offered an impressive prayer to the God of the oppressed.

FRANCIS JACKSON, of Boston, then read the Treasurer's Report, as follows:

Annual Account of the American Anti-Slavery Society, May 1, 1858, to May 1, 1859.

DR.	
To balance from last year	2,459 04
To Standard and Donations	11,322 32
To Publication (sale of Pamphlets)	104 09
	$13,885 45
CR.	
By Standard and Office Expenses	7,511 62
By Agents	3,739 93
By Publication of Pamphlets	181 25
By Balance to new account	2,452 65
	$13,885 45

E. E. New York, May 1st, 1859. FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

I have examined the several items of which the above account is composed, and find the same to be correct, with the proper vouchers and transfer of balances from the previous year. J. S. GIBBONS.

The report was laid on the table, for consideration at a subsequent meeting.

The PRESIDENT then said—Whatever the upholders and apologists of slavery in our land may say, the heart of universal humanity always responds to the principles and sentiments of liberty, and always rises in rebellion against any proposition for enslavement.

Outside of the United States, take the judgment of the world in regard to our slave system, and it will fall like a thunderbolt upon it. Europe, whatever may be the despotism which there prevails, is unwilling to have a chattel slave on its soil; and consequently, Europe is competent to sit in judgment upon America, and to send over its testimony against our gigantic and unparalleled iniquity. I never yet knew an American who did not claim the right to speak his mind in regard to Russian, Austrian and Neapolitan despotism, and in regard to tyranny in all parts of the world, out of our country; and, therefore, it is perfectly legitimate for any man, or body of men, in Europe, to speak their minds as freely in opposition to the sin of American slavery, and against the perpetuating of the worst despotism to be found in the world.

I wish, before the regular speaking commences, to read two or three very short addresses which have come to us recently from the old world; and it is due to those who have sent these addresses over to this country that they should be read at this Anniversary. The first is a very brief, but excellent, address from the inhabitants of Warrington, England, and its neighborhood, to the citizens of the United States of America.

Mr. Garrison then read the letter, which we have already published. At its conclusion, he said: The next is an address, not from the infidels of Belgium, but from the Protestants of Belgium, unless they are infidels for espousing the cause of the poor and needy, and those who have few to help them. This Address, also, we have already published.

I have but one other foreign testimony to give, said Mr. G., in addition to those I have already read. It comes from a very high source—namely, from the great leader of the friends of Italian liberty. It is dated "London, March 21, 1851," and, oh, how wide a contrast is presented by this letter of Mazzini to the blameworthy and reprehensible conduct of Kossuth, during his visit to this country, in reference to slavery!

The letter of Mazzini was then read, after which Mr. GARRISON presented a series of resolutions, which will be published hereafter.

The President then introduced PARKER PILLSBURY, of New Hampshire, who delivered a very impressive address, which we shall publish next week.

SPEECH OF REV. DR. FURNESS.

Rev. WM. H. FURNESS, of Philadelphia, was then introduced to the audience, and received with hearty applause. He said:

MR. PRESIDENT: I am always happy and proud to be invited to stand upon this platform, where the best cause of this age, or of any age, has been so long and so faithfully served. It is a great privilege in many respects, but especially because it is impossible to plead for our enslaved brother without doing ourselves infinitely more good than we do to the cause. Accordingly, I came here, not to speak, but to listen; not to give, but to receive. And I do not say this out of modesty. I believe that I express the experience of every man who has had any experience, whether it be large or small, in the anti-slavery cause, when I say, that the best he can do for it is as nothing in comparison with the good that it does to him. It enlightens the understanding, it warms the heart, and it gives us some taste of the quality of the highest ideas that we know. This, then, is our first and chief answer to the ceaseless cry which is urged against all who take any interest in anti-slavery—the charge of incessant and useless agitation. We are told over and over again—"What is the use of talking? Slavery is no nearer being abolished now than it was when you began; in fact, it is extending its borders; it has got absolute possession of the political power of the country, and where is the use of this endless talking?" It is enough if we liberate ourselves. If we do not liberate the Southern slave, our African brother, we are emancipating ourselves. Mr. Webster, in some speech or letter of his, I forget which, in denouncing the Abolitionists as fanatics, quotes from a distinguished friend, whom he does not name, who writes to him from England describing the Abolitionists after the same manner—as "fire-brands," as "men who throw the world into confusion, and then, when reproached with the consequences, all they have to say is *liberavi animam meam.*" Mr. Webster did not translate the phase—*Liberavi animam meam*—I have freed my own soul. And I say, that when the condition of the world and society around me is such that it forbids me individual freedom, I am disposed, as God shall give me strength, to sacrifice everything to be free (loud applause). The best fruit of the anti-slavery agitation is to be found among anti-slavery people; in the acts of heroism which it has called forth in the poor African, of whom it is common to say that he is incompetent to take care of himself, and therefore he ought to be a slave. It is from that race that the heroes of the present age spring.

But, apart from this reflective influence of anti-slavery, we are continually witnessing cheering signs of advancement. I wish I saw the abolition of slavery approaching as rapidly as I see disappearing the prejudice of color. I came this morning down one of the avenues, and met a car which had a conspicuous sign—"Colored people allowed to ride in this car"! Of course, the inference was that they were not allowed to ride in other cars; still, it was a cheering sign, that men, anxious to make money, ventured to make so bold and public an advertisement as that. A little while ago, I had the pleasure of meeting the grand-daughter of a colored man whose memory is universally cherished in the city where I live—an accomplished young lady, eminently qualified as a teacher, and employed for some time in the public schools of Massachusetts. She has recently been, I believe, chosen to an eminent position there. We were speaking of prejudice of color among children, and she observed that she had had small opportunity of observing that, inasmuch as in the school in which she had been teaching there was not a single colored child. I think, for the conservative, old-fogy town of Salem, that is a very considerable advance. I do not see any greater advance to be made in that direction. Not long since, I went to a colored Institute, in the city of Philadelphia, where a very faithful and thorough examination of the pupils was going on. I heard a class of boys and girls, of different hues (as Samuel Ward says, "from jet black to the soft dissolving views")—I heard them recite; they were very thoroughly examined in Latin, and the examination would have done credit to any classical school in our country. I felt convinced, as I listened to those children, that not only was the prejudice against complexion to disappear, but that it was in the power of those children to make this complexion distinguished, to associate it with all that is intellectual and noble; because I believe that, in our very nature, our intellectual sympathies are infinitely stronger than any of our animal antipathies. I think that wherever the prejudice against color is disappearing, the way is prepared for the abolition of slavery. We also had very cheering signs in Pennsylvania recently, during the progress of the last Fugitive Slave law case. The pavement around the Court-house was crowded, and we could almost feel in the air that it was the rising spirit of liberty that was permeating the atmosphere (applause). The city police were employed to keep the pavement clear, and to one of them I said, "Do you know that every man who is on the pavement here is more assuredly about his business than if he were elsewhere engaged; and if the men and women of the city were aware of the importance of the principles here involved, they would leave every employment in which they are engaged as impertinent, and come here and attend to their own business?" The answer he gave me was—"I would willingly forfeit my star and my staff to get that man free; they would not dare to trust him in the hands of the police; we would have him thirty miles out of the city in less than no time" (applause).

All these things reveal to us the fact that the grand principle or truth which is at the centre of the Anti-Slavery movement is vital; that it is, in its nature, destined to conquer, and that it will grow, not only without human will, but against human will, and thus prove itself to be sacred and divine. Just look back and see how it has sprung up in the land. Fifty, sixty, seventy years ago, there was not one word published in condemnation of slavery; and when one voice was raised, instantly the State of Georgia offered a reward of five thousand dollars for the head of our friend Mr. Garrison, who had dared to say that slavery was a sin before God. States, individuals, parties, all rose up against this declaration, and tried to crush it, to silence it, to put it down. I know it was so, for I can speak from my humble personal experience. I tried in all sorts of ways to evade the coming obligation to speak out and respond to that noble voice of Freedom and of Hope; but the Truth was altogether too strong for me; it would not be put down; it would not be put off. I hoped that when I had spoken once, I might be relieved forever after. It is in vain for any man to tell me that truth is not mighty; I know better; I have had experience of it in my own soul (applause). Not only has its power been illustrated in the case of individuals, but how imposingly in the case of organizations, and of parties, and of public men! Ecclesiastical organizations have split in two; churches have been broken up; great men in the land have set themselves against it, and it has blasted their ambition, and sent them, broken-hearted, to the grave; and it is now engaged in its last great political work of breaking up the Democratic party, when there will be a clear field, unless, as our friend Mr. Pillsbury fears, the Republican party should take the place of the Democratic.

All these things show that the sentiment which is the soul of this movement is of God; that it is planted by Him, the Tree of Life in the centre of this garden of His creation, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, and whose fruit gives sustenance to gods and men (loud applause).

WENDELL PHILLIPS then took the platform, amid warm cheering. He said he desired to add two resolutions to the series which had already been read, as follows:

Resolved, That, in our opinion, the anti-slavery sentiment is arousing to a keener life every day, every day growing more imperative and clear-sighted; and while the politician pretends to bow to it, in reality seeking only to use it for his own purpose, and the Church is groping her way from indifference and hostility into seeming life, our duty is to watch both politician and priest, see that no testimony be lowered, no duty evaded, no opportunity lost, that this anti-slavery purpose be not diverted one hour from demanding the immediate dissolution of the American Union, as the only means of securing the immediate emancipation of the slave.

Resolved, That, however we may be forbidden to encourage the slaves to rise, some of us by principle, and all here by the American Society's Constitution, and however we may differ as to whether insurrection be expedient or inexpedient, we are agreed in our sympathy with the wronged in such a case, and have no sympathy with any attempt of the slaveholder to continue, by bloodshed, the wrong he began in bloodshed; and we do solemnly entreat and adjure the free to avoid the damning guilt of aiding the oppressor in case of insurrection, and do unite, as a Society, in branding the man, the party, the church, that is thus guilty, as anti-Republican, anti-Christian and inhuman.

Mr. Phillips then proceeded to address the audience, speaking in a strain of even more than his wonted eloquence and power. We regret that his imperative prohibition prevents our publishing his speech.

The Society adjourned, to meet at 3 1-2 o'clock p. m., for the transaction of business.

[Of the subsequent meetings we have only room this week to say, that, notwithstanding the severity of the storm, they were numerously attended and highly interesting and successful.—*Editor.*]

MISS HOLLEY AT NEWPORT.—Charles Howard Malcom (he repudiates the title of *Rev.*), of Newport, gave his pulpit to Sallie Holley, on last Sunday evening, for the purpose of her delivering an anti-slavery lecture, and also took a collection in behalf of our Society. In introducing Miss Holley to the congregation, he took occasion to plead the cause, regarding it a Christian duty to use every exertion in behalf of the slave. We believe that the course which Mr. Malcom has taken, in admitting Miss Holley to his pulpit, is an unheard-of thing in Newport. Indeed, considering the character of that city as a fashionable watering place, almost dependent upon its Southern patronage, the step taken by Mr. Malcom must have required great moral courage. It gives us pleasure to record such an example of independence in the pastor of an evangelical Church.

THE OHIO RESCUE TRIALS.

We publish in another column the judgment of the Supreme Court of Ohio upon the application for *habeas corpus* in behalf of the Oberlin rescuers. We have now to record the conviction of C. H. Langston, whose trial followed next after that of Bushnell. The jury rendered a verdict of guilty after a very brief consultation. The Court will have to pass sentence upon Bushnell and Langston (the latter a colored man), and then there will be another application for *habeas corpus* in their behalf. There is ground for hope that this application will be successful and that the Court will follow the example of Wisconsin in discharging the prisoners. Then we shall see what we shall see. There is a report that the President has ordered a war steamer to Cleveland and given the U. S. Marshal instructions to resist the service of the State process!

Some three or four of the prisoners (from Wellington, not Oberlin), wanting in back-bone, concluded to plead guilty, and were thereupon sentenced to pay a fine of $25 and be imprisoned 24 hours.

The Tribune has a letter from Cleveland, giving an account of the trial of Langston, which says:

"In the cross-examination of one of the witnesses today, some curious facts relating to the 'Brotherhood of Man' of the Democracy were elicited. The witness, William Sciples, was at first indicted with the other prisoners for having been engaged in the rescue, but, with another man, was released a metime ago, the District-Attorney having caused to be entered a *nolle pros.* in their cases. It had been supposed, generally, that the only cause for their release was the fact that they were Democrats, and the government hoped by this course to save them and their votes for the party. But Mr. Sciples, under the masterly manipulations of Mr. Backus, made a clean breast of it. District-Attorney Belden had in some way heard that Mr. Sciples was a Democrat, so he sought him out, and privately propounded the question. Mr. Sciples replied that he *was* a Democrat. But then a fellow would sometimes, when carried away by his feelings, do things not exactly according to the rules of the party. The District-Attorney thought this idea was a correct one, for he had once even thought that all men had *some* rights which other men ought to respect, although he was older now and better understood his duty to his party. He was extremely sorry that any Democrat who always voted the straight ticket, and who was now willing to follow the fortunes of the party through evil as well as good report, should have been indicted at all. It was then arranged between them that Sciples should be released, with the understanding that he would 'stick to the party,' and swear hard against the rescuers. And he certainly did swear hard against one of them, considering him one. By the manner in which he writhed under the probing of Backus, he evidently came to the conclusion before taking his seat that it was 'that which cometh out of the mouth which defileth a man.' He had been a steamboat runner and gambler for thirty years, and a drunkard all his life. He had many times seen the 'elephant' of snakes, which may be discerned through a certain variety of 'glass,' but never with the naked eye. Sciples wished to reform, and manifested his *natural* good sense and kindness, on first becoming sober, in assisting to compel a gang robbers to disgorge their human prey."

[Telegraphic Despatch.]

CLEVELAND, May 11th, 1859.

Bushnell, one of the Oberlin rescuers, was to-day sentenced to sixty days imprisonment in the common jail and a fine of $600 and costs.

The Kentucky officers have been arrested on the charge of kidnapping.

RIGHT AND WRONG IN MINNESOTA.

LETTER FROM JANE G. SWISSHELM.

ST. CLOUD, Minnesota, April 4th, 1859.

MRS. M. W. CHAPMAN—*Dear Friend:* I received the ticket of admission to "the Twenty-fifth National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary," which you kindly forwarded to me; but, owing to Uncle Samuel's mail arrangements being imperfect, it did not reach me until your Anniversary was matter of history. I thank you none the less; but could not have gone if I would, and perhaps would not if I could, for it is doubtful what effect a meeting with so many Abolitionists might have upon my future life. My surroundings have been so generally pro-slavery, doughface and conservative, that it has long been matter of doubt whether it is love of the right or love of the fight which keeps me in the anti-slavery field; and it might not be safe to risk my fidelity to the slave by placing me in the midst of his friends.

It appears as if this is my proper field of labor, and as if I should not leave it for a day. In hope that your interest in all that concerns the progress of human freedom will cause you to take an interest in this extreme corner of the Lord's vineyard, I conclude to give you some account of how the good work progresses here.

With the vast majority of our sex I was educated as people now educate the blind, viz.: by the sense of touch—to learn, principally, by and of the things with which we are brought directly into contact. Thus, I can only give a history of what I see and feel, or draw a conclusion, upon any great question, by judging, weighing and measuring its effect upon the circle which immediately surrounds me, and thus stands within reach.

This difficulty will, perforce, make my account egotistical, but shall the mole have his eyes put out because he cannot gaze afar off at the sun like his haughty neighbor the eagle? I hope not, and trust you will bear with that narrowness of vision which confines my reading of events, of great public importance, to the "raised letters" which compose the only alphabet I have ever learned.

For many years I have felt that my business in the world was to labor on behalf of my sex, principally that class of them who are absolutely chattelized.

Fifteen years ago I called a Woman's Rights Convention, of which I was President, Secretary and all the members; and here it was Resolved, that so long as I was compelled to pay taxes to support slavery, so long I had a right to a vote against it; and since that time, the great object of my life has been to "vote airly and often"—to see how many votes I could influence. In other words, I have labored to do, in politics, for the extension of woman's sphere of labor, what Elizabeth Blackwell has done in medicine—establish a precedent in favor of woman's right to be a political leader.

After nine years of editorial labor, with that want of preparation and that divided attention which women usually bring to all new fields of labor, I gave up my post, feeling my public mission ended and my object unattained.

With broken health and broken fortune, I came to Minnesota, seeking rest and quiet. Providence soon opened a door for me to go to work again. I was offered the control of the only press in the place, and accepted; but a few weeks taught me that I must either support Mr. Buchanan's Administration or give up my post. I chose to do the former; and supported it so well that, in one month, his friends broke the press and put the type in the river, as the only means of getting rid of the alliance. This emergency compelled me to do what no persuasion of friends had ever been able to induce me to undertake, viz., deliver a public address, verbally.

A majority of our citizens espoused my quarrel, bought a new press, and placed it under my control. I requested them to get out of the way of any legal responsibility for my defence; but they could not see, as I did, that the war was one of extermination. They thought the press-destruction was hasty, the effect of sudden rage, and could not dream that any serious warfare on the freedom of the press was thought of.

They soon found their mistake, and were harassed with libel suits until they were driven from the field; but, upon retreating, they transferred the office to me, and entered into bonds that the *St. Cloud Visiter* should never again discuss the subject of the destruction of its office. This the men did, forty of them, associated as a Printing Company, in the spirit of mischief rather than as a serious matter. They knew I wanted one side of the quarrel all to myself, did not know what I would do, but, trusting to my woman's wit, laughed among themselves and said, "Never mind, she'll straighten it all out!" Well, as soon as the bonds were signed, the *Visiter* silenced and the coast clear of my self-appointed vanguard, I discontinued the *Visiter*, and, the next week, issued the *St. Cloud Democrat*, in the first number of which I reiterated all the *libels*, and made them worse, reaffirming all my positions, and inviting legal investigation. This came upon the press-gang, in the midst of their triumphant rejoicings, like a wet blanket upon a light blaze; and there was not much they could do about it.

My office was in a room adjoining that occupied by Stephen Miller, a relative, and formerly editor of the *Harrisburg* (Pa.) *Telegraph*, and Henry Swisshelm, my brother-in-law, both strong, resolute men, who slept with loaded arms in their rooms on purpose to defend the press. Putting it into the river would not have been safe, as Mr. Miller alone, of all the members of the Printing Company, had entered a public protest against the settlement made by the Company, and none of the press-gang cared to encounter him, either in physical or moral warfare. I resided in my sister's family, whose husband was known to keep loaded revolvers, and to be ready enough to use them. So, putting me in the river, according to their original programme, would have been no safer than disposing of the new type as they had done the old.

They had already been refused a hearing in the respectable portion of the Democratic press, where they had hoped for allies, and were reduced to the sad extremity of verbal slanders. These they plied with great ingenuity and wonderful industry; but the result fully justified my highest faith in humanity, and their stories required no contradiction.

Having an eye to their felicity, I devoted myself to making them personally and politically comfortable, by constantly keeping before the people the beauties of that great national business of woman-whipping of which this was a small branch concern.

Things went on so, until the time for the last fall election. This (Stearns) County had always been to Minnesota what "Old Berks" is to Pennsylvania.

The gentleman who had bought me and set me to supporting Mr. Buchanan, and then threatened to put me into the river, after the type, to get me to stop supporting him, is a Southern man, the oldest and wealthiest inhabitant, a personal friend of our present U. S. Senator, H. M. Rice. He had always told the people how to vote, and they voted just so, until a year before, when some of them had rebelled and set up to do their own thinking on local affairs; but the County was so intensely *Democratic* that in State contests it went all one way. In parts of it and the region adjoining, up West and North, they could return as many votes as were wanted to decide any election, and did not scruple to send in thirty or forty from places where no election had ever been held. It was by such returns that Mr. Sibley was made Governor. I know one precinct, in this County, from which thirty votes were returned when only one man lived in the precinct.

So, the "Democracy" calculated certainly to carry the district, and resolved to endorse themselves in so doing. The Administration, through its two Land offices, took charge of the campaign, and the first thing in the caucus meetings was the proposal, by the Register of the St. Cloud office, to endorse the fellow who had publicly proclaimed himself the hero who conquered the type, to endorse him by electing him chairman of the meeting. In the speech in which he made the proposal, he made a gross personal attack upon me, and called upon the Democracy to sustain Shepley. This the rank and file refused to do; but, nothing daunted, our Register proposed the known principal of the press-gang for the place. His personal and political influence was such that he was permitted to take the chair; and his second assistant was elected delegate to the District Convention. That is, of *three* men who were known to have broken the press and put the type in the river, one was chairman of the caucus and one delegate to the District Convention, while Buchanan's official placed the election on the platform of hostility to the *St. Cloud Democrat* and "petticoat government."

From the time the office was transferred to me, I have been "boss printer" as well as editor and proprietor, doing all the work, with the aid of apprentices. The week before the caucus meeting I had removed my office to winter quarters, had taken cold and was then down in bed with ulceration of the throat, utterly unable to speak, or read or write a page. Mr. Miller took charge of the editorial department, and for three weeks did good service; but a printer was sadly wanted; and I had some things to say which no one could say for me. At length, I literally staggered to the office, and was soon able to take full charge. We made our press work; and good, brave, noble men were in the field as speakers and canvassers, who claimed the votes of the people for *Freedom*, for a free press, free soil, free people and against human chatteldom. We branded the opposition "*slaveholders*," and the heart of the people responded, owning it a term of reproach. We took the name of "Democrat," to which they had no right, and assigned them the cognomen of "Moccasins," while they laughed at the fun of Abolitionists contending seriously to prevent the election of the "regular ticket" in the Twentieth District.

They organized a plan for taking forcible possession of the polls at this place; and as my office is quite near, there was reason to fear an attack upon it. It was always furnished with arms; but for that day I had an extra supply. One friend whom I asked for his double-barrelled gun replied,

"Yes. I will put in two good loads of buckshot; and if anybody comes along whom you feel like shooting, just fire away!"

My friends all went to the polls well armed, and all day I stayed in the office, printing and folding tickets; and as the enemy found the friends of freedom ready to use force if need be, they did not attempt any violence; but when the returns came in, and they found themselves thoroughly beaten, a more thunderstruck, astounded set of fellows have seldom counted votes. They could not believe it possible—could not tell how it happened—opened their eyes, stood a while, forgot to swear, and ran away and hid themselves. For weeks, not a Moccasin leader was to be seen; and some of them did not emerge from their retirement for months. The *aids de camp*, who staid about, tried to swear at the triumphant Democracy as being "led by a woman." They had dubbed me "the little, old woman of the *Democrat*," and now they came to be known as soldiers who had enlisted in a war to whip a little, old woman, and got badly beaten at their own game. So, they got little consolation out of that.

Our District embraces three Counties. We elected three Representatives, and full County tickets. All were pledged to a hatred of human slavery—to oppose the whole national business of woman-whipping.

The Moccasin Legislature of 1857–8 passed an act that there should be no Legislature the past winter, unless it should be called by the Governor. The Legislators elect did not suit the Governor. So they were never called to serve, because it was known that they would have elected a man pledged to vote in favor of freedom every time the question should come up in the U. S. Senate. They also refused to pass an act for the election of representatives to Congress, for fear the people would send Republicans, as the public mind was excited about Kansas. They hoped time would allay that excitement and restore the spell of the names "Democrat" and "regular ticket." So, if there is an extra session this coming summer, Minnesota will be unrepresented, except by Mr. Rice.

But to return to our local history. My enemies, the enemies of freedom here, have done for me and the cause what I never could have done, viz.: made of a woman a successful political leader, the head of a party which shall give color to the future politics of the North Star State; for our Northern Minnesota Democracy, while acting with the Republicans, are bound to keep in advance of them on all questions of human rights.

As many conservative people here had espoused my quarrel, I felt that I owed it to them, even more than to myself, to render a reason for living in a field of labor which popular opinion pronounces unwomanly. I therefore prepared a lecture on "Woman and Politics," in which I give historical examples to prove that women have always "meddled with politics"; and give the present state of politics in this country to prove that if ever the women of any land were called upon, by duty to God and humanity, to interfere in behalf of the right, that time is now, when woman-whipping and baby-stealing are the only questions which divide our great political parties; and they only differ as to how much of them we are to have.

In that lecture I assume that the Constitution of the United States is anti-slavery, and would, if rightfully administered, emancipate every slave under the shadow of the stripes and stars; but that if it were otherwise, it would be "a covenant with death and with hell," and should be utterly disregarded—that right should reign though the heavens fall. In short, the hardest, plainest, saltiest anti-slavery that I knew how to put into words I piled into it. I have delivered it this past winter in nearly every town north of St. Paul, always to crowded houses, always with applause; and several times, at a call to make the anti-slavery movement aggressive, to change the entire principle of woman-whipping to the battle-cry of "God and Liberty," audiences have burst out into excessive and tumultuous approbation.

I know, by these and other signs, that the people, the great hearts of humanity, are ready for an uprising against the whole system of crime, and villany, and wrong; that our politicians are keeping down instead of awakening and enkindling public sentiment against slavery. If the Republicans of Illinois had planted themselves on the broad principle of human rights, and spent as much eloquence upon enforcing the Declaration of Independence as they did on their contemptible "White Man's party," Mr. Lincoln would have been in the Senate to-day. The spirit of the American people is aggressive, and there is nothing in the shilly-shally, dilly-dally, half-defensive, half run-away policy of the Republican party to awaken their enthusiasm, and stir them to action. Money and religion are the two passions which rule this Western hemisphere; and the Republican party makes no strong appeal to either.

The Democrats have cunningly enlisted the acquisitiveness of the people on their side; and, looking at the matter simply in the light of policy, the opposition have no capital to work upon but the moral sense of the community; and why do they not throw themselves upon it boldly, and, in the name of right, attack the wrong with that determination which must be irresistible?

The Administration party here are perfectly desperate. If they carry the State at all, so as to send three doughfaces to Congress, it must be by retaking this district, getting possession of election boards, and making arrangements for sending in whatever returns may be required. To do this they have sent on their strongest man, the same General who put my type in the river, to Washington for aid; and the leaders here now are boldly offering to *buy* votes and influence, stating that they will have plenty of money from government, and offering large sums to leaders for their influence.]

At a partial view it might appear a small business for this great, almighty Yankee nation to make one grand effort to retake one of their strongholds which, according to their account, has been captured and is now held by a "little, old woman"; but I think it a very suitable business for a government which can and does concentrate its dignity on the business of catching a runaway slave.

It is to be hoped that, in the present flush state of the national treasury, folks in general will not object to furnishing the men who break presses in St. Cloud with a few thousands to buy votes to endorse themselves and Mr. Buchanan. They may just as well be doing this as buying Cuba.

One thing is certain, the Administration is *here* as fully committed to endorsing the destruction of my press as it is elsewhere to the acquisition of Cuba; Gen. Lowry, the leader of the press-gang, is now in Washington; and his adherents boast, openly, that he will there get the means to carry this district next fall.

We shall see. We have had, up in this North country, a cold, stormy spring, but a delightful winter. I travelled over five hundred miles last winter in open conveyances—always north of St. Paul—travelled the three coldest successive days of the season in a low-backed cutter, across prairies and through forests, have been out in whole days of snow storm, lectured the coldest night of the season in a board shanty—that is, a house where the walls were made of rough pine boards without plaster—and the same night slept in another of the same; yet I have never taken cold or felt five moments' inconvenience from cold. We have a glorious climate, one well adapted to growing backbone, cranberries and potatoes, and hope to supply less favored regions with these and other useful commodities.

Respectfully, JANE G. SWISSHELM.

TWO MONTHS IN HAYTI.....NO. II.*

MALDEN, MASS., April 27, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PREVENTED by a number of pressing engagements from writing you a series of Letters on Hayti, I will endeavor, in one article, to give some general results or impressions of a residence of two months in the Negro Republic. I travelled from Cape Haytien to Gonaives; from that town to the city of Port-au-Prince, where I constantly resided for more than a month, with the exception of a journey to Jacmel and back in quest of the proverbs of the people. My sole business was to obtain the facts of Hayti; and every hour of my time was occupied in the endeavor to procure them. It was the most difficult work that I ever undertook. There are no statistics kept or gathered by the government, excepting the custom-house returns, and these—so often made use of to the prejudice of the people—are worse than worthless to the seeker for facts. For, in consequence of the great depreciation of the currency of the country and the brutal avarice of Soulouque, the custom-house officers, receiving never more than a few hundred Spanish dollars as their yearly salary, established a system of gigantic fraud—by us usually known as conniving at smuggling, but by merchants there called *compromises* with the comptrollers—which compelled them to make false returns to the central authorities, and created the impression, when these papers were published, that the country was rapidly driving Old Harry-ward.

One merchant at Gonaives, for example, informed me that he had known several vessels enter that port heavily laden with cargoes of taxable goods, all of which, in consequence of the system of "compromise," were reported to the Capital as *ballast!*

Another man—a deformed drunkard at Port-au-Prince—very coolly informed me that, when in business, he found out several admirable methods of cheating the government—he didn't use that phrase though—among which he enumerated false entries; he once reported, aided by the comptroller, one hundred barrels of flour when he had received six hundred; "and another way," he added, "I found to work well in order to avoid the appearance of collusion—it was to have a very coarse article put on the top of the box, and the fine linen or other heavily taxed fabric below it." Thus, for example, when the assistants opened a box, they found a piece of coarse cotton cloth, taxed at 2 cents a yard; they looked at it, named it to the comptroller who was making the entries, who told them to go on, and the box was closed. Now, this box really contained the finest French linen, which was taxed at 6 cents a yard.

"That was ingenious," I said, with an expression of contempt, which, however, he did not notice.

"Yes! bless you!" he added, "and that wasn't all; for, besides that, every fifty yard roll would be marked thirty yards; so that we gained on them both ways. We had generally to pay the custom-house officers a quarter of the duty saved; for *they* came to the store afterwards and got the *real* invoice, and examined every box as carefully as they do in Europe—for their own interest. I used to laugh sometimes to see how particular they were—for their own interest. I've smuggled whole cargoes myself," he added, "but I hope," he suddenly observed, "that you don't intend to mention this? You know, sir, it would be betraying confidence for you to do that."

Instead of noticing this sublime audacity of the merchant moralist, I asked if there weren't "other modes of doing the sharp thing with the government?"

"Oh, yes!" he said, "but, as I was saying, I hope you won't say anything about it? For, d'ye see, sir, you needn't say anything about that to prove that the country is in a really flourishing condition. Even the present custom-house returns show that, and then you must add at least one-fourth to all the exports and one-fifth to all the imports to get at the true commerce of the country. Besides, you know you must add the fifth on the coffee?"

"Over and above the declared exports and in addition to the quarter extra for 'dilapidations'?" I asked.

"Certainly," he said, "for there's a great deal of smuggling out of custom-house hours; and then, even in such an article as logwood, by bribing the entry clerks, they'll count 200 for 300 pounds and so on all day long!"

—So, then, you see, Mr. Editor, that in addition to adding eight per cent. on the weight of the exports, which is given in *French* pounds, you must account for dilapidations on the most gigantic scale, as well as for the government fifth on the coffee crop. Mr. Dorval, at Gonaives, undertook to demonstrate that there had been no falling off in the exports of the country since the days of slavery; while the population, from a variety of causes, is rather less than at that damnably "prosperous period." It is possible of demonstration, I believe.

—This last statement concerning population, however, is not his, but mine. The estimates generally given in the Island vary from 500,000 to 800,000 and even as high as a million. I can demonstrate, I think, that it is less than 500,000 in Hayti, and not more than 150,000 in the Eastern or Spanish part of the Island.

—The result of my inquiries is that those products only have fallen off which it requires capital and liberal legislation to foster—as sugar, for example, and cotton, which have run down to zero in the scale of exports. But the physical condition of the great masses of the people is vastly superior now to their debased condition in the days of slavery. It is true that high cultivation has disappeared, that luxury is extinguished, that there are now no monuments of art—of taste very few—and that the palace mansions of the old times are everywhere mere masses of dismantled ruins. But the whip has disappeared, and the human auction-room, and there are now no deaths by starvation or by torture—no Legrees to draw the blood from the quivering flesh, nor Adamses to say Amen and give God the glory. The melancholy spectacle is everywhere seen that the negroes can take care of themselves: that, even without the assistance of the "Norman's" lash, they neither degenerate nor starve; that, without any external encouragement or aid, and against multitudinous internal hindrances, these people are rising, slowly indeed, but surely, in the ranks of civilization as a people and of intellect as a race.

Hindrances? A host have beset them—every hindrance that could obstruct the progress of a people has confronted the onward march of Hayti. The white colonists, to begin with, were, of all Western populations, the most profligate and sensual. Their precepts and practice were far more bestial and pagan—according to the testimony of all historians—than the heathen worship introduced by these negro slaves. At the time of the outbreak of the Revolution, of the four hundred and fifty thousand blacks whom the Island contained, two hundred thousand were recent natives of Africa—all idolaters; and sold, many of them, by their own tribes for practising sorcery and other witchcraft arts at home, in contravention to the will of their chief or the traditional regulations of their people.

Those who were natives of the Island, never having received religious instruction—having lived as slaves in the South live, but in even greater moral darkness—having seen nothing but vice in the conduct of the whites in their relations to the subjugated race—were, if at all, but little superior to the more recent victims of the slave trade. Called suddenly to arms, a war of fourteen years' duration, conducted on the part of the colonists and France with unparalleled cruelty, perfidy and crime, although resulting in the disgraceful overthrow of their tyrants, left behind it, as all wars do—more especially the wars of races—a demoralized army, uninclined to labor, unfit for the exercise of civil rights and imbued with the spirit of murder and theft.

With the whites, skilled oversight of labor and capital disappeared; and, to add a greater load on the struggling nation, the rivalries of leaders and races—the long contest between the blacks and the mixed bloods—began. Under the rigorous rule of the black Dessalines (who slew all the whites whom the wars had spared), and of Christophe, who succeeded him in the North, the Island rapidly recovered its commercial prosperity; but the wars between him and Petion, and the desolation caused by earthquakes, menaces, battles, marchings and diseases, until the union of the Island under Boyer, greatly endangered its success or stability. Boyer, the demi-god of the mulattoes, was a red tape statesman, who could speak well, and promulgate well, and organize courts, and get codes compiled; but he was not the man for grasping a young nation and dragging it, with Jove-like strength, from the social and moral slough in which slavery had left it. Then, after a few years of ephemeral reigns, came Faustin the First, a brutal man, a secret idolater, the most efficient spoke in the national chariot that the devil ever made for Hayti. His reign has had a fearful influence on the character of the people. "If we had had him a few years longer, sir," said an intelligent Haytien, "I fear there would have been neither Catholic nor Protestant religion here; we would all

said: "My young friend, God has raised you up to be the future deliverer of this people, and to end forever this hostility of castes."

He is desirous to procure an emigration from the United States. I have thought it my duty to oppose this scheme, until the solemn guarantees of his government are given to protect our friends in case of his decease or overthrow. For conspiracies have already been formed against him, but his courage, vigilance (which never sleeps) and unbounded popularity have compelled the traitors to fly.

He has a great task before him. Fortune offers him the choice of being remembered merely as a mulatto chief, to leave behind him the reputation of a Petion or a Boyer, or to be idolized by posterity as the rebuilder of a Nation and the First of the Blacks of the Nineteenth Century.

He sees his opportunities, and, I think, will act wisely and grandly.

—But while there is a doubt of it, let our colored friends stay at home. Unless they can secure the most favorable terms of colonization, unless he freely grants them, what existing laws deny to the natives, the liberty to come or go at their pleasure, it will be the duty of the Abolitionist of the United States to do everything in his power to prevent an emigration. Not that we love Hayti less, but our brethren more.

—Of the army and educational system I may write at another time.

To sum up:

Before I went to Hayti I advocated insurrection as an agency for liberating and developing the character of the blacks; returning—having seen the results of the annihilation of a white race of tyrants—I endorse and applaud the career of Dessalines. JAMES REDPATH.

RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION IN SANTA CRUZ.

LETTER FROM MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

SANTA CRUZ, W. I., March 30, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I HAVE been spending nearly two weeks upon this pleasant Island, among its village people, and have made several sallies out among its sugar estates, finding much in my wandering that I think would interest the readers of THE STANDARD. I need not tell them of the waving palms, of luxuriant cocoas, of orange groves, or magnificent cane fields, nor of the prospect of the sugar and rum crop. To them there is a higher point of interest than the agricultural productions of the Island, or the beauties which nature has spread over its picturesque mountains and vallies; the great problem of human freedom that is being worked out here by the twenty thousand of those unfortunate children of oppression, who, twelve years ago, wore the chains of a master!

It is asserted boldly in the United States, and especially in the West and South, that the emancipated slaves of the West Indies are in a far worse condition now than they were before their release from bondage. Even here this charge is made by nearly every American or Dane that you meet at the hotels or boarding-houses, or on the estates. So constantly did I hear it that I became all the more anxious to see and hear and know for myself the facts.

I had just come from the slave region of the South and from Cuba. I had been on estates, in Missouri, where "*slavery exists in its mildest form*" (a favorite expression of our people), and of course began to compare notes.

On the sugar plantations bordering on the Mississippi, I saw hordes of slaves in the fields at work, always with an overseer behind them, whip in hand. Their clothing was scant—usually but one garment—a kind of chemise or frock for the women, reaching a little below their knees, no covering on the head; the men with pants and shirt (often without a shirt), and these of the coarsest material. We saw them working thus at sunrise, at noon, and at evening, and always working steadily, and as if afraid to pause, though their motions were not so quick as the Yankee's, who has his eye ever fixed "on the main chance."

Their cabin homes on the banks of the great river look comfortable to the passer-by, and each family, it is said, is allowed a house, and each house is surrounded by a little land. They do not huddle together so as to exclude the air. Often these houses front a green lawn or lane, and look pleasant and quiet. What the inside may be we only know by hearsay, but have been told of dirt floors, a blanket, a kettle for boiling mush—little else.

We crossed the Gulf to Havana, went into the country, visited a coffee plantation, and saw the slaves at work by the wayside as we passed along. Everything we saw seemed to tell us of slaves in a worse condition than in the States. They seemed driven to their toil like many broken-down cattle, limping and hobbling along with listless, slow, uneasy motions, half-clothed, dirty and toil-worn, and with no expression of countenance that told of hope. Gangs of men and women—the women with something to cover nakedness—the men, most of them, with only a strip of coarse cloth around the waist. At night they have not even the cabin home to go to, in which to be locked, with all light and air excluded by bolts and bars, save that which steals humanely in through cracks and crevices; but are huddled together into long dark pens, thatched overhead heavily with palm leaves, mouldering and decaying, full of damps and vermin. Here they are locked up like sheep or cattle, to swelter out the few short hours of the night allotted to sleep.

Such is the outward view of the condition of the field hands in Cuba. House servants, of course, fare better. Now, let us look at the emancipated field hands of Santa Cruz, "*those poor, lazy, half-starved, half-naked, degraded creatures, that are far worse off than the slaves of Cuba or South Carolina,*" of whom we have so often heard. The first object of interest as I rode out one morning was the children going to school. We were going from Christiansted, on the east end of the Island, to Fredericksted, on the west, fifteen miles (the whole length of the Island is twenty-two miles), through the most prosperous and rich portion of the Island. It was near eight in the morning. We passed group after group of colored children, with their little baskets or pails of dinner, going to school. Each group had a colored woman with them, whose duty it was to see them to the school-house in good season and in good order, to take care of their dinners, and to bring them safely home again when school was closed at noon. These children were as well-dressed, as neat and clean as the same number of country children in our Western States; many of them too much dressed for a school. As we passed them, not one failed to lift the hand, and wish us a good morning, and with a bright, pleasant smile, as if in their hearts they were happy.

The school-house was a large, airy building, set upon high ground, well ventilated, with the usual lattice work to let in the air and shut out the sun—capable, I should think, of accommodating two hundred children. Such a school-house would be an honor to many a country place, even in New England. The yards were very clean and neat, and the out-buildings comfortable. Shade trees were near.

The children seemed to come from two or three miles on each side. At nine we ceased to meet or pass these groups of children. We passed three of these school-houses—saw them well-filled and the children quietly studying their books or standing in rows reciting their lessons, while their nurses sat under the shades, watching their dinners, sewing or chatting, with evident enjoyment.

These schools are established by the Danish government, and all under the charge of the Moravians. *There are nine of them on the Island.* These were children of the field-hands. Mark that as one evidence of degradation!

Then we turned to the field laborers. We saw them ploughing, hoeing, planting, weeding and gathering. We saw no whips, no driving, no nakedness, no gloom. The women wore colored dresses, of calico or cotton goods, striped, blue and white. Every one had her head protected either by a fancy colored handkerchief, in shape of a turban, or a hat of straw or palm leaf. The dresses were long, reaching, when unconfined, to the feet; but in the fields they all wore them cunningly looped up about the hips with a cord, making at once a puff flounce and a Bloomer. Many wore leggings, fastened below the knee. earrings, necklaces and finger-rings were very common, indeed universal. One girl wore three white skirts, looped up so as to show the three embroidered edges, making a full display about her knees, as do our public dancers. These embroidered skirts were clean and white, and her plaid gingham above them sat neatly to her form and was well made. Her turban was put on with care, and her gold earrings, with their long coral pendants, danced merrily as she flourished her hoe among the cane-hills with the air of a princess. I saw in all this not a false pride, but a sublime self-respect—a desire to do as the white people do, to whom all people bow, and who *will not wear the chains of slaves.*

Their houses on the estates looked comfortable, and through the open doors we saw tables, chairs, beds, pictures on the walls (not from Raphael's hand, to be sure); around their doors chickens, ducks, turkeys and young goats, which they have the privilege of raising and selling.

We know that the law will not allow an overseer or manager to strike them; we know that they work only ten hours per day, unless they choose; we know that Saturdays and Sundays are their own; that each man and woman is entitled to a spot of land, to till for vegetables; that the laborers on an estate own all the fruit that grows upon the estate, and that each laborer is paid by law for all his lawful working hours, and extra for all hours he chooses to work that are not lawful; that men and women receive the *same price* (mark that, too) for the same labor.

Your readers can draw their own conclusions upon the question whether the state of these people now is worse than at first. I have been in numbers of their houses, and find many of them better kept than those of foreigners who live upon our railroad and canal routes; much better than the negro cabins. Besides the nine government school-houses, there are many others—some kept up by private endeavors, some by church influence—so that a great many of the children are being taught to read. I have conversed with some of the teachers, and they tell me that the children learn quite as fast as white children. One gentleman here, who has a human heart, assures me that the children born in freedom are much brighter, smarter and better looking than those born in slavery, taking them *en masse;* and no one has yet asserted that the emancipated slaves were not as moral as before, while many admit that they are more so, and improving.

But my letter grows too long. I will treasure up thoughts as I go and preserve them till I get home, as I shall the beautiful shells and seeds of the Island, for future use. Yours, FRANCES D. GAGE.

MR. MAY'S REPLY TO MR. WOLCOTT.

LEICESTER, MASS., May 9, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ONE of the very last things in the world which I could desire is a controversy or serious difference with any honest anti-slavery man; and such I have for years esteemed the Rev. Samuel Wolcott to be, though not personally acquainted with him. When I made the remarks at the late Anti-slavery Convention (in Providence) which he censures in your last paper, I was not aware of his being present; which I say only to show that I designed no *personal* attack. Being (as we were) in Rhode Island, and aiming to show what strength and increase of life slavery had ever derived from the social, political and *ecclesiastical* countenance given to it at the North, it was wholly fitting that the action of the Rhode Island Congregational Ministers, in rendering special honors to two ministers, sitting with them as representatives of notoriously pro-slavery bodies (the Old and New School General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church), should be instanced, in proof of what was said. And it was so spoken of, as stated in the report of the Convention, in your paper of two weeks ago. Mr. Wolcott, in your last, explains the case, and argues that the censure upon the Rhode Island Consociation was without cause.

Let us look once more at the matter, and just as Mr. Wolcott presents it to your readers in his own letter. The Rhode Island Consociation of Evangelical Ministers, at their annual meeting, receive as delegates from the two Presbyterian General Assemblies the Rev. Drs. Rice and Poor, who are not (says Mr. Wolcott) slaveholders themselves, but who are yet known to hold sentiments, as to the compatibility of slaveholding with Christianity and as to Scriptural authority for slaveholding, which Mr. Wolcott and others in the Consociation cannot endorse. But what is of more consequence—Drs. Rice and Poor are present *as representatives* of two of the most powerful pro-slavery religious bodies in the land. They are there *only* in that relation. They represent there those two great slaveholding bodies. So decidedly pro-slavery are those Presbyterian bodies, that the Rhode Island Consociation is actually debating, at that very meeting, whether they will not, on that ground, decline all further correspondence and exchange of delegates with them. They pass a vote, which Mr. Wolcott (if I rightly understand him) considers to be equivalent to refusing all further connection with the said Presbyterian Assemblies; although the Rev. Mr. Conklin, of Providence, also a member of the Consociation, thought no such vote was passed. Mr. Wolcott, in his letter to THE STANDARD, claims that such a vote *was* passed; and surely he should know. "The vote," however, he says, "had not been reached" when the time for the usual public services took place; and, that "the customary courtesies" might not be neglected, Dr. Rice was invited to preach the sermon, and Dr. Poor and another "presided at the communion-table"! If this was not saying to these representatives of slaveholding Churches, "Brethren, we are probably about to vote to suspend formal intercourse with your Churches, but we really *mean* nothing by it," then I am incapable of construing actions. The action said, louder than words can do, "We must do something to silence the abolition demands upon us, and to satisfy the anti-slavery men in our own Consociation, but it shall be accompanied by the most significant assurance we can give to our Southern brethren that we recognize them as true and dear brethren in Christ." Now, when this blowing hot and cold, this two-facedness, is seen among common people, who make no claim to superior sanctity or learning, men call it HYPOCRISY. When a Consociation of Ministers, in Rhode Island, or elsewhere, does this very thing, declaring the Presbyterian Church to be so pro-slavery that it cannot continue to hold correspondence with it, and at the same moment, by two most significant actions, rendering the highest honors to the representatives of that Church, what shall we call it? "Inconsistency," says Mr. Wolcott. "If I had called it inconsistency," he would have found no fault with me, he says. But *such* inconsistency, in regard to such a subject, I maintain, *is* hypocrisy; and that of a very heaven-daring nature. And why should *courtesy* to representatives of Churches, so pro-slavery that the only course of safety left is to separate from them—why should *courtesy*, I ask, be preferred to *fidelity?* Why take all the meaning out of their resolution of separation, by an act showing that no SEPARATION of mind and heart exists?

Mr. Editor, I am in favor of applying to a questionable or culpable act of a Consociation of Ministers the same phraseology that would be justly applicable to a similar act done by a body of merchants, mechanics, &c. Why not? There is *no* reason why we should not; but, on the contrary, *every* reason why double-dealing and prevarication, and especially compromise with the "sum of all villanies," should be more severely rebuked amongst professed ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ than amongst any others. The task of rebuke may not be agreeable. But in some cases, it seems absolutely necessary. I hope Mr. Wolcott will not persevere in defending the Rhode Island Consociation in this matter.

Respectfully yours, SAMUEL MAY, JR.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"ANTI-SLAVERY TACTICS: a paper read before the members of the Leeds [England] Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society, March 16th, 1859, by JOSEPH A. HORNER." London: pp. 24.

THIS vigorous little pamphlet—which is "Dedicated to the Anti-Slavery Societies of Great Britain and Ireland, in the hope that they may be quickened to renewed efforts on behalf of their black brethren"—urges upon the attention of these Societies the importance of concentrating their efforts upon the reformation of the American Church; and justly represents that the most efficient action possible, in their circumstances, against slavery, will be a faithful exposure, before the British public, of the real extent of the complicity of that Church with slaveholding, and an effort to induce active interposition against this wickedness, by each religious denomination and association in Great Britain, upon their several ecclesiastical allies in this country.

The soundness of this position is unquestionable. The need of such an interposition is obvious, even for the credit of the Christian name, which is becoming damaged throughout the world by the kindred claimed with it by such men as South-Side Adams and Baron Stow in the North, and the late Rev. J. V. D. Johns in the South, and the allowance of that claim by ministers and churches *not* openly pro-slavery. Moreover, the need of light upon this subject among British Christians is shown by the fact that this very pamphlet names the Rev. Albert Barnes as among the "champions of freedom" in this country. No wonder! The very elect may be deceived by such specific declarations as he has from time to time made upon that subject, fortified by the confidence which one is naturally disposed to place in the sincerity of one who calls himself a "minister of the Gospel." His last book in regard to slavery ("The Church and Slavery" pp. 196, which was reviewed at length in THE STANDARD immediately after its publication, Dec. 30th, 1856), was an elaborate statement in regard to the "actual position" of the New School Presbyterian Church, and also its "particular duty," in regard to slaveholding. He there declares, p. 28—"It is not true that the Church is, in any proper sense, the bulwark of slavery." And whoever will read the review of his book in THE STANDARD may see it incontrovertibly proved, by collation of the very documents which he adduces as evidence, that Mr. Barnes relies partly upon reservation of truth, partly upon sophistry, and partly upon directly deceptive statements, to bring his readers to this conclusion.

The fact respecting Mr. Barnes is, that his course for fifteen years past has seemed to be, like that of Rev. E. N. Kirk of Boston, a careful watching for the turn of the tide, in the relation of the Church to slavery. Both these men have, in several instances, with intervals of years between, thrown out expressions of a strongly anti-slavery aspect, which seemed designed as feelers of the state of public sentiment in the Church. Without any doubt, if these expressions had been responded to by their respective denominations, or even by a large and strong party in them, Dr. Kirk and Mr. Barnes would have thrown themselves upon the top of the advancing wave, and floated gloriously into public notice as active reformers—leaders in a purification of the Church from the taint of slavery. But the Church was not ready to be purified; and Mr. Barnes and Dr. Kirk were not ready to risk their position to any greater extent than by these *tentative* demonstrations.

If the "Leeds Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society" will act upon the suggestions of Mr. Horner so far as to keep watch of the American clergymen who visit their country, and confront the anti-slavery professions which such men will generally make in England with facts from their demeanor at home towards the slaves, and especially towards the free colored people, and, when the proof of dishonesty appears, send it after them wherever they go throughout the British isles, they will do a most important work, both for the abolition of slavery and the purification of the Churches.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.

NO. IV.

APRIL 25th, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: The crisis anticipated in my last has arrived. The great European war—the "War of Opinion in Europe," foretold by Canning nearly forty years ago, and felt as a doom ever since, from the White Sea to the Mediterranean, and from Central Asia to the Atlantic—begins to-day. It is now just noon of the 25th of April; and the war may be some hours old; or the first blow may be struck at this moment. It is universally felt to be no ordinary war; quite needless at the moment; and therefore likely to last the longer, from being general and comprehensive in its objects.

Austria allowed, on Thursday last, three days' grace for Piedmont to disarm and dismiss the volunteer force of 20,000 strangers—a thing which Piedmont neither could nor would do. The term expired last night; and at this hour the aim of the aggressor is to crush the Piedmontese force before the French armies can come up. To no one probably is this violent move more welcome than to the French Emperor. Resolved on the war, he shrank and trembled under the tremendous pressure brought to bear upon him by the English Ministers in their speeches a week ago, and by the public opinion of Europe—including France. At his moment of deepest embarrassment, Austria relieved him by assuming the entire responsibility of the outbreak. He now has his own way; and he may push his forces on to the Italian frontier without further remonstrance from any quarter.

It may be inquired why he is so eager, when it certainly is the opinion of many qualified judges that this war will make an end of the Bonapartes. Why could he not "let well alone," it will be asked; why throw himself into a situation which would be one of grave peril for the most firmly-seated Potentate? The current explanation—a very remarkable one, whether more or less true—is that he buys off his executioners by this war. He was once, it is whispered, a Carbonari, and bound by the oath of that Society to do his *possible* for the liberation of Italy. When the appointed three years' grace had expired—three years during which he did everything for despotism, and nothing for liberty—he was under sentence of death, as judicial and inevitable as a sentence before any other tribunal. Hence the attempts against his life, and eminently Orsini's, and hence the alteration in the man since the date of that attack. He is aware, it is said, that the attempt will be made again and again, till it succeeds; and hence his feverish haste and reckless obstinacy in undertaking the liberation of Italy, against the united will of his subjects and his allies (with the exception of Piedmont alone), and at the risk of the world's fatal mockery for going a long way to confer freedom on strangers, while he will not allow the good people of France to think, speak or move, or manage their own affairs, public or private. Though he is not the sagacious man he was, he must be aware that this war will not stop short of a settlement of the controversy between despotism and free government on the continent of Europe. He must know that his upstart, selfish, uncalled-for despotism stands even a worse chance than the older traditional absolutism of the German and Russian governments. Thus he has a bottomless gulf on either hand, and many a chasm across his narrow path. Assassination first; defeat, if he lives to sustain it; these are his first perils; and if he escapes them, there remains the strong probability—almost the certainty—of the overthrow of his dynasty, in any event. If Italian liberty is prostrated by the despots, he, as the champion of that liberty, is defeated; and if, on the contrary, the Italian cause triumphs, the French will no longer endure despotic rule from the hand which has made other nations free. There remains the alternative of his bringing the Italians under a French yoke; and it is only necessary to observe, in regard to this, that a people or group of peoples who could cast off Austria will not submit to any other Power. They certainly need not; and therefore they will not. Such seem to be the prospects of the newest, rawest, vulgarest, most selfish and violent of European tyrants; and thus closely is his destiny implicated with the grand conflict which is to decide how the nations are to live, from this day forwards!

You will have seen, by our Prime Minister's speech last Monday night (a speech to which all Europe was listening with feverish intentness), that he anticipates that England will soon be engaged in the war. Not only all Europe, but the world must be made to understand that Lord Derby was here speaking for himself, and perhaps for a handful of comrades; and that England has no sort of intention of giving up her policy of peace and mediation, for no better reason than that there is war between countries which have a wholly different polity from hers, and no means of peace and quiet at home. England has done her utmost to prevent war; she looks on sorrowfully now that an age of inexpressible woe is inaugurated by selfish men; she sympathizes with Italy, but not with her fatal choice of an ally; and, finally, the more she sees the cause of civilization and progress endangered by the spread of war, the more she will feel it necessary to take up the dropped duties of other States; to guard the creative and conservative processes of social life, in precise proportion as other Powers are engrossed in the work of destruction.

We, the people of England, hope and intend, therefore, to remain at liberty to watch the course of the great revolution which we see in progress in the United States. Not an incident shall escape us. In the midst of the present excitement, when telegrams are arriving all day long, charged with vital news, and when we are without a Parliament during six weeks as critical as any in the century, we are noting the signs of the times in your hemisphere. We observe the discontent at Washington about the fulfilment of the treaty between Nicaragua and her European allies about the passage of the Isthmus; and we ask what the discontent is about, seeing that your government professes to desire simply and solely what the treaty provides—a safe and impartial passage across the Isthmus for all nations. We note the irritability on the spot and at Washington; and we believe we understand it. We are watching the vital controversy between your State and Federal Courts which, it seems to us, must, if staunchly conducted, induce ere long the one solution or the other—the abolition of slavery or the dissolution of your Union. Trite matters enough to you! but not yet so to us. I wish they were. But we are learning, and shall not be drawn away from our lesson, I think, by this great European war. One reason for thinking so is that the question of free and slave labor—of negro industry in various countries—really cannot be thrust aside at this time of day. The French Emperor is mistaken if he thinks that any breach of promise about discontinuing his slave trade will pass unnoticed in the hubbub of the war. Portugal has good reason, as we know, to watch that trade on the East coast of Africa; and England watches it closely on the West coast—seeing heart-breaking spectacles there just now. One spectacle which is by no means heart-breaking is the loss and damage sustained by the M. M. Regis & Co., who have lost largely by their contract, and who cannot succeed in getting victims anywhere within reach of our vigilance; but not the less is industry broken up throughout the interior of the Bight of Benin. The inland chiefs have learned that there are slave-traders off the coast who would deal with them as of old but for the trade and traders in palm-oil and other products; and they are doing their utmost to destroy the growth of products, and the traffic in them, just when the promise of virtuous and profitable industry along the coast was becoming really magnificent. Great as is the mischief done, it would be repaired if your government would join effectively with ours and that of Portugal to keep the French to their terms, to compel the Emperor's subjects to fulfil his pledge. This is one item of our national duty, in which we should rejoice to have your hearty and effective coöperation. Another duty is to draw the attention of all holders of tropical lands, and territory cultivated by negro labor, to the true condition of our West India colonies. If there are any means whatever by which the facts of the case can be impressed on the citizens of your Southern States, it is a duty of the first magnitude so to impress them. They are to be found clearly stated in the new (April) number of the *Edinburgh Review.* No sane man will question the authorities there cited, or dispute the evidence on which it is proved that the West Indies were going fast to ruin under the influences of slavery, were saved by emancipation; were a second time nearly destroyed by calamities which had nothing to do with labor supply, and again preserved by free labor, while they are now far advanced in a career of prosperity of every kind which is beyond the utmost expectations of the old Abolitionists, and yearly on the increase. If your Southern States can be saved, morally, socially and economically, it will be by learning from our experience. If there is one duty more urgent than another on the good citizens of your country and mine, it is convincing American society of the truth. No turmoil of continental strife shall be allowed, on this side of the water, to drown the testimony of our grateful colonies. You, I trust, will take care that it shall be heard through all the political cries of the day, and all the proclamations of vulgar aggrandizement which are shouted forth by the managers of the degenerate political *régime* under which you live. If we wish to save Africa and America, this is the step to be taken to-day—to make known the condition of the British West Indies at the latest date. If we can contrast them with those of the French which keep up a virtual slavery, the lesson will be all the more instructive.

TWENTY-FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, AND NATIONAL BAZAAR.

THE Committee of Management of this well-known Fair, in making their annual announcement, have, this year, to advertise a new arrangement which they have made for the promotion of that great cause in aid of which their Bazaar has been annually held for nearly a quarter of a century. It is that our next Bazaar is to be National in its character, and not, as heretofore, a Pennsylvania institution alone.

The National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, which has been held, in the city of Boston, during many years, and has been so widely and favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic, having given place to another method of obtaining funds for our cause, it has been judged a wise measure that the Pennsylvania Fair should be now made National in its character. As our whole enterprise, in all its departments, is truly one, and best known, both at home and abroad, by the name of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its affiliations, it is sufficient to announce that one-half of the profits of our Fair will be put into the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the other half, under the direction of its auxiliaries, will be used for the promotion of our cause, in Pennsylvania.

It can scarcely be necessary even to advert to the character of the means by which our enterprise is conducted, so well are they known, both at home and abroad. It is sufficient to say that in the weapons with which we commenced this conflict, and which have, in all ages, proved "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" of evil, we confidently trust for complete victory. Still less is it needful that, in such an announcement as this, we should enter on an exposition of our well-known principles. We call upon all who love and value those principles to aid us in their dissemination.

To the friends of our cause in Europe, whose generous gifts have for many years been made to the Boston Bazaar, we say, let your contributions of money be devoted to our cause, through the medium of the Boston Anti-Slavery Festival, which has taken the place of that Bazaar; and permit us, if you please, to be the recipients of your other gifts which have been annually sent in various forms of articles of merchandise, to our coadjutors in Massachusetts. These products of your industry and taste and skill, these contributions from the shops and warehouses of your artisans and manufacturers, we can transmute to money, which money we shall receive as a sacred trust from you, to be appropriated, with our utmost fidelity and wisdom, to the abolition of American slavery.

To our friends and coadjutors at home, whose willing hearts and active hands have ever been quick to aid us in this department of our labor, we need to make but one suggestion. We merely remind them that as our Fair is, this year, to have a broader basis, and to extend its operations, it will require of us all somewhat larger gifts than heretofore, of labor, time, or money, according to our ability.

Our Bazaar will be opened in CONCERT HALL, in the City of Philadelphia, on Monday, the 12th, and will continue until Saturday, the 17th day of December, 1859. Contributions of money or of articles of merchandise will be gratefully received, and may be sent, at any time, to the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office, No. 107 North Fifth street, or to any member of the Committee. We trust that our friends, in the city and country, will be prompt in assuring us of their hearty and active coöperation.

The present aspects of our cause are full of encouragement; abounding proofs that our past labors have not been in vain bid us be of good cheer, while the magnitude of the work before us urges us onward to new toils and greater victories.

SARAH PUGH,	EMILY W. TAYLOR,
ANNA M. CHILD,	EVELINA SUPPLEE,
MARIA M. DAVIS,	EMMA PARKER,
REBECCA S. HART,	MARTHA KIMBER,
MARY GREW,	CLEMENTINE G. JOHN,
SARAH PIERCE,	SARAH KENDERDINE,
HULDAH JUSTICE,	ANNA M. HOPPER,
ABBY KIMBER,	ELIZABETH GAY,
RACHEL WILSON,	LYDIA GILLINGHAM,
LUCRETIA MOTT,	JANETTE JACKSON,
SARAH C. HALLOWELL,	MARGARETTA FOSTEN,
MARTHA A. GALVIN,	MARGARET A. GRISCOM,
ANNIE SHOEMAKER,	GULIELMA M. JONES,
ELLEN M. CHILD,	SARAH A. GILLINGHAM,
SARAH A. MCKIM,	AGNES CRAIN,
REBECCA PLUMLY,	HARRIET D. PURVIS,
LYDIA WHITE,	MARY T. STICKNEY,
MARGARET J. BURLEIGH,	SUSAN W. SHAW,
ROSANNA THOMPSON,	ELIZABETH CLENDENNON,
HANNAH L. STICKNEY,	MARIA CONKLIN,
MARY SHAW,	SARAH S. CHILD.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

WE ask the particular attention of the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause to the following new series of tracts, just issued by the AMERICAN and MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETIES. They afford an excellent opportunity and means of aiding the cause, and of disseminating its great truths and principles. A little money expended in them may be made to accomplish a great good. These tracts may all be had at the following low prices: by the *hundred*, $2; *dozen*, 30 cts.; *single*, 3 cts. Apply at the Anti-Slavery Offices, 21 Cornhill, Boston, and 138 Nassau street, New York.

GREAT AUCTION SALE OF SLAVES AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA. Reported for *The Tribune.*

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE FREE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. By Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, before the Committee on Federal Relations, of the Massachusetts Legislature, in behalf of the Petition for a Law against Slave-hunting.

NO FETTERS IN THE BAY STATE. Speech of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, on the same occasion.

SPEECH OF CHARLES C. BURLEIGH at the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society—"No Slave-hunting in the Old Bay State."

SPEECH OF REV. HENRY BLEBY, Missionary to Barbadoes, on the Results of Emancipation in the British West India Colonies.

SLAVERY AND THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS. By C. K. W.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON. By C. K. W.

Summary.

A company of ladies in Washington have presented an elegantly bound Bible to the Rev. Mr. Haley, as a token of appreciation for his services in behalf of Mr. Sickles.

A Richmond paper says, alluding to *The Tribune's* sending a special reporter to attend the sale of Pierce Butler's slaves, that "it is a pity the Georgians didn't know the object of his errand, and his name." If 'tis true, 'tis pity, then "pity 'tis 'tis true."

A swindling fugitive slave is on a tour in New England. Henry Ward Beecher writes to an inquirer in Burlington, Vt., that his name is used by the fellow without his consent. He knows nothing about him. If he has exhibited letters from Mr. Beecher, they are forgeries.

THE CASE OF SELVIS AND MARES.—*Savannah, Friday, May 6, 1859.*—The Jury to-day, in the case of Selvis and Mares, charged with fitting out the bark Angelita for the slave-trade, rendered a verdict of "Not guilty."

A teacher, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts his shell when he has outgrown it, said, "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh no!" replied the little one, "we let out the tucks!"

Among the recent decisions announced in the Supreme Court of Maine was one of some importance to the American Peace Society, respecting the last will and testament of the late William Ladd, of Minot. The Society receives a legacy of $12 000, which had been contested up to the time of this decision.

The owner of the building on the corner of Court and Tremont streets, Boston, has just caused a marble slab to be imbedded in the wall fronting on Court street—bearing this inscription: "Occupied by George Washington, October, 1789." At the time of Washington's visit the building was a dwelling-house, and rooms in it were occupied by him for lodgings.

BISHOP JANES A FREE MASON.—According to one of the Western Methodist papers, Bishop Janes, during the recent noisy Conference in Texas, had, in the hour of extremity, given the Masonic sign, when the rabble dispersed, and the Conference was permitted to close its session.

The sale of "Life Thoughts," which consists of extracts from H. W. Beecher's sermons, taken down by a lady of Mr. Beecher's congregation, already amounts to forty thousand copies, although but a few months have elapsed since the volume appeared. The "Star Papers" have met with a still larger scale.

MARYLAND SLAVEHOLDERS' CONVENTION.—Dorchester County has appointed a large delegation to attend the slaveholders' Convention to be held in Baltimore on the 8th of June. Several other counties have appointed delegates, and the Convention will no doubt be largely attended. The object is to devise plans for the better regulation and government of the free colored population of the State.

THE ORIGINAL DOCTOR ANTONIO.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* recently met at Nice the gentleman from whom Ruffini drew the character of the hero in his much-admired story of "Doctor Antonio." He is an Italian physician, originally from Naples, has been much in England and Scotland, is very "talented" and handsome, and a great favorite among the British ladies.

THE DOCTRINE OF TOTAL DEPRAVITY.—A minister, travelling through the West in a missionary capacity, several years ago, was holding an animated theological conversation with a good old lady on whom he had called; in the course of which he asked her what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity? "Oh," she replied, "I think it a good doctrine, if people would only live up to it!"—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

CAMELS.—*The Mobile Tribune* notices the arrival at that city of twenty-one camels from Texas. Eight of them have been engaged and the balance are for sale for plantation use. It is said one of them can easily carry two bales of cotton on its back, at the rate of twenty-five miles a day, over a road which would be impassable to an empty wagon drawn by a pair of mules. The cost of keeping them is very little, and in endurance, under labor and privation, no animal can excel them. They are also gentle in disposition.

METHODISM AT THE SOUTH.—The difficulties between the inhabitants of Fannin County, Texas, and the Anti-Slavery Methodists located in that quarter have been temporarily settled by the latter agreeing, for a time, to abstain from preaching. *The Texas Advocate*, the organ of the Methodist Church South, fully and warmly indorses the proceedings of the people, and urges the thorough and immediate eradication of the Methodist Church North in Texas, with whatever force may be necessary. Shade of John Wesley! what next?

THE SOUTHERN SPY.—We have received from the author, Mr. Edward A. Pollard, of Newburgh, N. Y., a pamphlet copy, neatly got up in Washington, of the preliminary chapter of a work bearing the above title, and the second one, of "Curiosities of Negro Slavery in the South," in letters from a Southerner to a Northern friend. Taking the first letter as a sample, we should think that the series would form a very readable book.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Thirty-eight friends of M. Alex. Dumas gave him a dinner at six dollars apiece in Veuillemot's restaurant, the other day. Among the dishes served up were a soup aux Mohicans, partridges a la Henri III., eels a la Christine, pullets a la Monte Christo, crote a la Dumas, salade a la d'Artagnan, vase d'Aramis, bombe a la Dame de Monsoreau. The company were so much pleased with the Veuillemot's cooking that they carried him round the room on their shoulders in triumph.

M. Robert Kennicutt left Chicago last week on a journey overland to the North Pole. He is an ardent naturalist, and his object is the pursuit of his favorite science. His route is to Fort Garey, on the Red River of the North, and thence he will journey with the agents of the Hudson Bay Company. He will visit York factory, on the Hudson Bay, during the summer, and, returning to Fort Garey, will make a winter trip on dog sledges to Great Slave Lake, reaching McKenzie's River in the spring of 1860, with the whole of that year before him to pursue his explorations along the coast of the Polar Sea. He expects to return in 1861.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, 'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE.—In a church (not quite a hundred miles from Lynn) a person entered a pew, and, believing he had a good seat, unfortunately sat down upon the dress of a lady who happened to be rather highly crinolined; in an instant he rose to his feet and begged the lady's pardon in these words: "Yere pardon, mem: *but I'm fear'd I've broken your umbrella.*" "Nothing wrong," said the lady, blushing.—*Cozzens's Wine Press.*

A telegraphic despatch from Brantford, C. W., April 30th, tells us that two negroes named Moore and Over were sentenced to be hung. We have all heard of the old woman who called her dog Moreover, insisting that it was a scriptural name, on the authority of that passage in the story of Lazarus, which says: "Moreover, the dog came and licked his sores." This dividing the name of one dog between two negroes would seem to show that a negro, in general estimation, is only half as good as a dog.—*Eve. Post.*

MR. BEECHER AS AN AUTHOR.—Messrs. Brown, Taggard & Chase, the New England publishers, announce a new volume by Henry Ward Beecher. It consists of a series of articles on Agriculture, Horticulture, and Rural Affairs, published in the Indiana Farmer and Gardener, at Indianapolis, a paper edited by Mr. Beecher, while pastor of a church in that city. They were pronounced of great interest when they appeared, and their publication in book form has often been suggested by those familiar with their value. The same publishers have nearly ready the volume of new sermons by Mr. Beecher.

MR. BIGELOW says, in a letter from Rome to the *Evening Post:* "Page's Venus, which was sent to Paris for the coming exhibition, has been rejected for 'indecency.' I have not seen this Venus, but there seems to be but one opinion here among those who have, that it is one of the finest pieces of flesh painting which has been seen since the days of Titian. Nor is it improbable that it was intended to challenge a comparison with the Venus in the Tribune at Florence. The price of the picture is $7,000, a large sum to ask for a modern painting in these days, and shows the estimate which Page himself places upon it as a work of art."

CHARLES T. CONGDON.—It has been stated, but we believe denied, that Charles T. Congdon has dissolved his connection with the *New York Tribune*, and the *Boston Traveller* has been requested to state that he is not studying for the ministry. If he should, and should preach half as well as he writes, his parish would be obliged to build a church for him as large as Henry Ward Beecher's new one. Wherever Mr. Congdon is, and whatever he is doing, he holds one of the sharpest and most trenchant pens that is wielded against folly and pretension.—*Prov. Journal.*

The *Jackson Mississippian*, an intense Southern fire-eating journal, which is anxious the South should go out of the Union, recently put the query to the *Memphis* (Tenn.) *Enquirer*, whether it was not in favor of Southern secession from the Union if a Republican should be elected President in 1860. The *Enquirer* responds "that it subscribes to no such doctrines" as resisting the inauguration of a President constitutionally elected, and that it will resist it to the utmost, and it adds that until the Southern people are struck with judicial blindness, it can never take a deep hold upon the public mind. It assures the *Mississippian* that it and its friends will have a sharp time before they are able to dissolve the Union.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT OF WOMEN BY AUSTRIA.—Count Cavour having excited the surprise of many by naming among the causes of the Lombardo-Venetian hatred to Austria the corporal punishment to which women were subjected, the Turin papers give an extract from a circular of the government of Lombardy in which it is specified that the sum of twenty sous shall be paid to the women servants who inflict the flagellation upon prosecuted or condemned women. The officials seem to have some little sense of the odiousness of the punishment, for the same circular, which ordains this paymen for whipping females, expressly states that for the whipping of males no allowance shall be granted.

An indignant, if not intelligent, slaveholder, whose corns had been somehow trodden upon by *The Ironton* (Mo.) *Furnace*, writes to the editor of that paper as follows:

Miscellaneous Department.

TO A FRIEND,

Who asked the Author's Aid and Prayers for the Slave.

BY EMILY TAYLOR.

"Pity and prayers and pleadings for THE SLAVE!"
These thou mightest ask, and, soon as asked, I gave:
Yet still I deem'd a stronger claim behind,
And long I waited, hopeful for my kind:
Is there no lot more sad beyond compare
Than even the slaves'?—no louder call for prayer?
Is there no being, that, from morn till night,
Tasks his whole soul to prove that wrong is right?
No man, no brother, in whose mortal life
Peace cannot be, but ever perpetual strife?
Servant and slave himself, despite the show
Of limbs unchained, free movements, open brow?
No *master* he—still less the meaner tool
Who holds the weapons of that savage rule:
No—high in seats of intellectual power,
Sit they, the self-subdued, who grieve me more.
Theirs is the sermon, theirs the pulpit—press—
Minds given to strengthen man, and hearts to bless;
Theirs was the power—but early in the race
They paused, they wavered—meaner souls gave chase
And bore them on to their appointed place,
To sit, the conquerors, yet themselves, the while,
Subdued, though silent, ministers of guile.
Alas for them, when Freedom's friends advance,
Firm in their steps and cordial in their glance!
How dull and dead the once familiar eye!
What chilling doubts, what stralten'd sympathy!
Not theirs to brand, nor torture—if they can,
They win to reason the impatient man:
Tell him of times (how far remote!) to be,
When duty may be done, and slaves go free;
When signs and portents shall announce the fact,
That God approves a just and righteous act;
But, till that hour, 'tis treason, robbery, wrong,
To aid the weak in combat with the strong.
And they who Wisdom's highest counsels know,
Will turn aside and let the rash fools go.
Can such things be, and prayer be duly made
For slaves, for prisoners, and our voice be stayed?
Shall we not say, and with a swelling heart,
Oh! from this sad, this soul-debasing part,
Save, Lord, our best and dearest!—From their breast
Chase, thou who canst, this demon of unrest.
Give them to feel where brotherhood may be,
In faith, in love, in simple trust in thee.
As thy kind gifts have bless'd them, as the glow
Of love is in their hearts, their homes, do thou
Vouchsafe that higher, more transcending grace,
To shed this beaming love o'er all their race.
As their high thoughts point heavenward, may they know
That equal Heaven but ripens what we sow.
No charm in death to change the natural fruit,
From poisonous stems bid healing branches shoot;
No quick conversion of a mind imbued
With jealous fears, to Freedom's generous mood.
Growth—inward, upward—still must mark the mind
For Heaven's come union fitted and designed.
So be thou faithful found, brave heart! and rise
On to new tasks and wider sympathies:
Cheer up thy sluggish brethren in the race!
Keep on thy steady, but perpetual pace;
The calmness of a soul whose way is clear,
Light up thine eye, give quickness to thine ear;
So our low whispers, breathing o'er the sea,
Of peace and blessing, shall be dear to thee;
And in our Father's land, before the throne,
Rejoicing spirits claim thee for their own.

THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES F. HOVEY.

From The Liberator.

On Monday morning, May 2d, a large company assembled at the late residence of CHARLES F. HOVEY, Esq., in Kingston street, in this city, to pay the last sad tribute of respect and affection to the memory of the deceased. The funeral services were conducted by WM. LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS and Rev. THOMAS STARR KING, in the order given below. Previous to the addresses, and at their close, a highly appropriate hymn was touchingly sung by a quartette.

REMARKS OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

In accordance with the wish of my dear departed friend, I am here to participate in his funeral obsequies.

We are greeted with the loveliest morning of the present year. A cloudless sky, a brilliant sun, a genial atmosphere, every one feeling its vivifying influence, it almost seems as if there were no such thing as death or decay in this glorious universe. Yet the evidence of our mortality is before us; and the ancient declaration still remains true, "We all do fade as a leaf." Mingling my sympathies with yours, I tenderly offer them to the bereaved wife, and fatherless children and the relatives of the deceased; for the bereavement is a great one, and the sorrow caused thereby wide-spread and heartfelt. The touching lines of the poet Gray, at the loss of his nearest and dearest friend, may fitly express the feelings of her whose loss, as a wife and mother, is specially severe:

"In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descants join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object does these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
And in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles, the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear,
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn for him who cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain!"

Yet, blessed be God, there is a solace for every grief, a balm for every wound, and hope in every bereavement.

It is not for me, on this occasion, to attempt to pay that full tribute to the memory of our beloved and cherished friend which he so justly deserves. Yet I may be permitted to say that Boston, of its many honored and lamented citizens, has never yet lost one to whom the language of the poet was more applicable—

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

His integrity stood like the Alps; his benevolence was extended, diffusive, overflowing like the Nile; his philanthropy broad as the whole earth. His personal independence and moral courage were equal to the emergency: he asked not what was popular, but only what was RIGHT. Simple and unpretending in his manners, unselfish in his aims, and transparent as a perfect mirror, he sought no distinction, and desired no conspicuity. In his feelings, principles and conduct, he was thoroughly democratic, in the highest and noblest sense of that term. He was a hearty despiser of all shams; he abhorred the proscriptive spirit of caste, in every form; he saw through the frivolous distinctions and hollow conventionalities of society—was of the people, with the people, and for the people against usurpation, oppression and monopoly—and with the poet Burns saw and affirmed—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold, for a' that."

Freedom was the element in which his spirit delighted to dwell—that freedom which saves, elevates and blesses all its recipients. With him free inquiry, free speech, a free platform, free trade, were no rhetorical flourishes, no party catch-words, but vital principles, to be cherished, asserted, propagated, at all times, at whatever cost; and for their diffusion and vindication he was ever ready to take any risk, and to make any sacrifice.

In all the relations of life, he was most exemplary—the model merchant, a devoted husband, a most affectionate father, a sterling friend. His religion was that of the Good Samaritan, and therefore unrecognized as religion by Priest and Levite. All forms of misery, destitution and helplessness appealed to him for aid, and readily obtained it; for his benevolence was inexhaustible. If all who have been helped by his counsel, and blessed by his charity, were present on this occasion, the throng would be multitudinous. His removal will be felt as a general bereavement, and the tears of thousands in other parts of the country who knew his work by report, but were not personally acquainted with him, will freely mingle their tears with those of his household and bosom friends. More even than this—the generous, intrepid, uncompromising friend and defender of the millions of manacled and dehumanized slaves in our guilty land, as he was, they will constitute a vast procession to follow his remains to the grave, bewailing their loss.

In conclusion, I beg leave to read such selections from the Scriptures as seem to me specially pertinent to the occasion, and to the character of the deceased:

"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness, and it clothed me: my judgment was a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor, and the cause I knew not I searched out. And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth. * * * *

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them. * * * *

"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever. The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full: unto the place whence the rivers come, thither they return again. The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun. . . . To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die. God hath made everything beautiful in his time. . . . A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth. It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting, for the living will lay it to his heart. . . . Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest . . . . Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

* * * * * * *

"Since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. But some men will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain; it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. For this corruption must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruption shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

REMARKS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

We come to look, for the last time, on the face of our very dear friend. Had his death left only this house desolate, this family circle sad—they would have carried him to his last home, speaking only to each other. But he has made many men love him. Our hearts ache for his loss. How many a loving message those kind lips have uttered! How many a burden that untiring hand has lifted! There are roofs that feel almost as desolate as this, in bearing of his death. It seems fitting, then, that we too should speak of him to each other—speak of the tried, valued, loved friend we have lost, of his sterling worth; and give that marked life a voice.

He wished that no prayer should be solicited at his funeral, no mere ceremony should be performed over his body. He had no faith in the divine inspiration of any book—no faith in any church, nor in any priesthood. He believed only in a good and just Cause of the Universe, to whose infinite loving-kindness he trusted without a doubt. Let us dare to bury him as he dared to live. Fearless, active, earnest, transparent, devoted, unselfish, full of simplicity—truly any mere form, however seemingly sacred, would mar the beautiful consistency of that brave, real life. Though believing in no church, the most marked feature of his soul was a serene faith. He believed in justice. No need to assure him of good consequences. He thoroughly believed that the right was always safe. He had no trust in any compromise of the exact right. The smallest right of the humblest man was sacred to him: only by respecting that could any good be won. But this justice was no cold, hard element in him. What other men named generosity, he esteemed only justice. When, entitled by common rule to claim one-half, he put it aside, and accepted one-fifth from his partners, he thought it only justice. For his rule of duty was born of broad consideration of all that strength owes to weakness, knowledge to ignorance, and wealth to its poorer brother; born indeed of loving, human brotherhood.

He was a fearless thinker. The masterly reason God had given him, he never for an hour hid in a napkin; the possession of it bound him to its use. He proved everything, and held fast what he thought good. And he trusted his convictions as his highest rule. Most emphatically he thought for himself. Bred in trade, it did not as too often, smother or dull his interest in the profound questions of our nature, of society, of religion. Of course, his interest never warped his judgment.

To be independent of the world, it has been well said, is little. To differ, when reason bids, from *our own immediate world*, is the test of independence. To this dear friend, the disapproval of those who generally labored with him was no more a temptation than the frown of the great outer world. As truly as can be said of any man, he really thought for himself. And this did not seem a remarkable virtue in him. It required no effort. Neither gain nor favor seemed to have any charm for him. A high nature lifted him above such temptations. And yet he was not harsh, reserved, or ungenial, but wholly the reverse. He kept his soul young—young in its earnestness, its zeal, its childlike faith, and winning simplicity. Men could bear the most hated opinions from those genial lips. He walked up and down our streets, uttering all heresies in Church and State; yet none could hate him—few could get away from the influence of that open, clear, real life that lay behind his speech. He not only believed that every man was his brother, but he made every man feel brotherly to him, and close as a friend. The poor nestled to him. He not only believed the universe was sunny, he brought sunshine with him when he came. But this sweet nature blossomed into *thoughtful* kindness. It was not what he gave away that marked him. Others give liberally—our merchants have open hands. His peculiarity was the tender thoughtfulness that he never lacked. The sick girl who found, during her five and six weeks of illness, that duly, each Saturday evening, her usual wages were sent her, felt not the amount given, but that thoughtfulness that took care to *be*, just *where it was needed*, and saw to it personally that no one was forgotten.

War, Slavery, Intemperance, he hated. To raise woman's place, he devoted wealth and heart. He left to others the welcomed and easy munificence that holds up enterprises which all love. His hand was stretched out to spread the ideas which bear seed for the future, whose value few see, whose influence many dread. No man said "no" easier to any enterprise which sailed buoyant before a fresh breeze. "The chain with hypocrites at one end, and slaveholders at the other, which men call the Union," was his favorite description of that government whose yoke he sought to lift from the slave's neck. And all his unpopular opinions he uttered just as frankly while he struggled for place and fortune as after they were both sure, and his position all he could wish. Tender as a woman, he could not bear the sight of suffering or oppression. Firm as granite, he feared no face of man in uttering a hated doctrine, or defending an unpopular cause. Ever hotly in earnest, restlessly impatient of wrong, his zeal stirred others to effort, while his undoubting faith banished despair. Who can ever forget that emphatic, heart-cheering, "Why, *of course*," sure to spring to his lips when, in dark moments, any one spoke of the certain triumph of right, notwithstanding?

Men said he held dangerous opinions. But what father called to lie where he does would not thank God, could he leave to his children as brave and useful a life to copy—as dear a name for his neighbors to bless?

If using all the powers God has given one to find out the right, and then fearlessly practising it, makes a righteous man, then truly he was a righteous man. If "he that doeth good is of God," then was he of God. If "he that loveth his brother abideth in the light," then the same sunshine that shone round him here cheers him now; for truly he loved his brother, loved truth and right; and now he sees the face of that God who is Justice and Truth. No fear for him: his heart melted down all differences of class, race, education, condition, and held all men close to himself. That tireless brain, that unresting hand work now, where all see even as they are seen, and where everything but virtue vanishes.

Let us thank God for his life. The world is better for his having lived. These loved ones mourn the father whose voice was a benediction; but how many, beside these who are now crowding round him, who felt that kind hand lifting them, that cheerful voice welcoming them on, that untiring care watching for them with all a father's interest and vigilance!

No matter that he did not call himself a Christian. Many take that sacred name, whose right our judgment denies. The loving and beloved apostle could say, "He that saith, I know God, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him." But, on the other hand, "hereby know we that we love God, if we keep his commandments." Let us thank God, then, that he strengthened our friend to live a fearless, earnest, unselfish, Christian life. Brother, father, husband, of these we may not speak; but we have lost the friend so close, so unselfish, the companion of so many happy, hopeful hours, the stay on which we leaned so lovingly, the strong hand, the generous heart, one who seemed to make our life larger, firmer, sunnier: our little circle has a wide, sad void.

But God doeth all things well. This life of simple, loving, transparent, brotherly well-doing is neither lost nor ended. Thank God for the fifty years that we have been privileged to see it! We bless the mother that bore him—a brave, true man. May we be better for having known him! God help us to borrow of his example! God bless him!

REMARKS OF REV. T. STARR KING.

I would not willingly weaken the impression which has been made by the remarks, so true and so tender, of those who have the highest right to speak here of our departed brother's character, since they stood so near to him, and have known him so thoroughly and so long. Yet I desire—before his body is borne from our sight forever—to speak from sympathy with those who stood in the most intimate relations to him, and whose bereavement in his removal no words of ours can measure—of the love which I bore him, though I stood at a greater distance than the friends who have addressed us, and especially of what I saw of the religiousness of his life and character.

There are two prominent manifestations of religiousness. There is the piety that flows from the conception of God as a person, and that delights in communion with God as a person. Devout affection towards the Infinite is the visible peculiarity of this type of religiousness. The man who possesses it desires to go to God often with the direct prayer of the heart or the lips; to have the consciousness of His particular providence; to feel the sunshine of His smile, as a personal manifestation of approval and reward for every good deed. This piety our brother certainly did not possess in large measure. We know that he did not estimate it highly. Perhaps he did not prize it highly enough.

But there is a stronger, deeper, more thorough, more efficient piety than this often proves to be. The friend who has gone before us had that religiousness which consists in harmony of the whole nature with the foundation truths of the world, and an entire reverence towards the Eternal Will. Who of us here that knew him are not ready to bow on the knees of the spirit before that cold form, and desire that an integrity firm as his, that a charity wide as his, that a disposition genial and sweet as his, might be poured into and sustained in our hearts, by the Infinite Spirit that filled him thus for many years with strength?

For it was not by morality, as distinct from religion—according to the frequent criticism of the pulpit upon character—that our brother was distinguished. He went deeper than custom. He desired and determined to find and abide in the primal truth of the moral world, and he brushed everything away till he found the everlasting rock. His house was firmly built on that. Rains descended, and floods came, and torrents dashed against it, but it held fast to the rock. The glass in these windows is no more ready to receive the light than his spirit was open to receive every manifestation of the Infinite Will that might come to his reason; and he would no more have thought of failing in obedience, by word, and purse, and influence, to whatever was shown to his mind thus as the truth of God, than the glass would think of thickening itself against the light it was intended to reveal.

His life has been, in many ways, a transparent exhibition of the moral forces that glorify manhood, and make our nature a clear revelation of God. Let us thank Heaven that, through our friend, we have seen more of the sacredness of that Justice which is the foundation of the Eternal Throne. Let us be grateful that, in his constant and wise bounty to the poor and needy, we have learned to interpret better the Divine beneficence. Let us be grateful for the example he has given us of the loyalty to the highest laws which a citizen should show in times like ours. Let us be grateful for the sermon in behalf of substantial goodness that has been preached widely and forcibly by his life, and for the praise that goes up to God for his good deeds, to-day, mingled with the mourning of those who are so deeply afflicted by his death.

We often hear it said, as though it is a peculiarly religious reflection, when we are called to stand before the still form of one whom God has suddenly taken from this life—"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" I think that we should all feel, in the presence of the form which lies before us with a nobler beauty than it wore in life, that such a saying would not be appropriate here, and is not true. He has been taken from us, so far as his ministry in this world is concerned, in his maturity, at high noon. We cannot but mourn over it. But his life has not been a shadow, and he did not pursue shadows. He lived for realities. He received into his spirit largely of the eternal substance, and his soul has gone as a substance into the enduring world.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" We cannot explain the mystery of his removal from us, when he was so useful, and when he seemed to be so widely needed, here. And yet, those of us who trust the great Providence, as he trusted, cannot but feel sure that God has taken him because his spirit had grown competent for a service which could not be discharged on earth. Let us not doubt that he has gone to broader duties. Let us not believe that he has gone to rest, except to the rest of a still wider charity, an uninterrupted fidelity, an unclouded worship, a larger and continual reception from the Fountain of Truth and Love. And so let us give him up to the Infinite One, with a courage and confidence equal, at least, to his own: and let us hear the words of him whom he followed—"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father."

We must believe that our brother has gone to heaven, because there is nowhere else for him to go. He was there while here. He lived for God, and he must go to God. Our destiny is not determined by external and arbitrary appointment. Those doors that are hung on Equity and the spiritual laws, we cannot doubt, swung back, at once, to give him entrance and welcome. And with gratitude for his life here, we must yield him to higher services with undoubting trust.

"I looked upon the righteous man,
And saw his parting breath,
Without a struggle or a sigh,
Serenely yield to death;
There was no anguish on his brow,
Nor terror in his eye:
The spoiler aimed a fatal dart,
But lost the victory.

"I looked upon the righteous man,
And heard the voiceless prayer
Which rose above that breathless form,
To soothe the mourners' care,
And felt how precious was the gift
He to his loved ones gave—
The stainless memory of the just,
The wealth beyond the grave."

The funeral services being closed, a last, lingering, farewell look at the serene and finely chiseled features was taken by all present, when the mortal remains of the deceased were carried to Mount Auburn for interment, accompanied by relatives and friends in a long line of carriages. At the grave, Mr. King made some additional remarks, which were highly appropriate and impressive.

"Peace be with thee, O our brother,
In the Spirit Land!
Vainly look we for another
In thy place to stand."

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a special meeting of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, on Tuesday, May 3d, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in the death of our honored and lamented friend, and earnest and open-handed coadjutor, CHARLES F. HOVEY, Esq., of this city, this Board (of which he was so faithful a member) has a vacancy left which it will be difficult, if not impossible, to fill; the Anti-Slavery cause has lost one of its most clear-sighted, radical, intrepid and generous supporters; every struggling and hated reformatory movement has met with a special bereavement; and the community at large has been deprived of one who was a public and private benefactor, in the noblest and most extended sense.

Resolved, That our departed brother was not only a model merchant, and a bright example to all business men, by his incorruptible integrity, his all-controlling sense of justice, and his kindness and generous consideration toward all in his employ; not only a loving husband, a devoted father, and a faithful friend; but he was remarkable for his freedom-loving, truth-seeking, independent mind—his vital sympathy with the wronged and suffering, of every class, of every complexion, and of every clime—his thorough abhorrence of all cant, double-dealing, imposture, and time-serving, whether in Church or State—his nice appreciation of the right, in every conflict with wrong, and manly courage in abiding by his conscientious convictions, at whatever cost.

Resolved, That in his case the scriptural declaration is eminently applicable—"THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED"—and of none could it be affirmed with more truthfulness, "HIS COUNTRY WAS THE WORLD; HIS COUNTRYMEN WERE ALL MANKIND."

Resolved, That we offer our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family—feeling that we express the united prayer of the thousands he has cheered and helped, of the many homes where his name was cherished and blessed, when we ask that all comfort and consolation may be theirs.

In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*

ROBERT F. WALLCUT, *Rec. Sec.*

LETTER FROM REV. SAMUEL J. MAY.

Correspondence of The Syracuse Standard.

ROME, March 26, 1859.

DEAR FRIENDS: We have been in this wonderful city three weeks, and it is time I should give you some report of my observations and experiences. First, however, a few words about our journey hither.

On Wednesday evening, the 2d of March, at half-past 8 a. m., we started from Naples in a vetture, in company with two young American gentlemen and a very sprightly Irish lady and gentleman, who are returning from Australia, where they have made a fortune. A vetture is a large, clumsy coach, adapted to hold comfortably four persons inside and two on the outside, in what is called the loupé, a pleasant seat behind the driver. We were drawn by four small horses, who seemed at first quite insufficient for the undertaking, and for awhile indisposed to engage in it. We were three and a half hours getting over the first eighteen miles. But as they proceeded, and were made to understand by the queer outcries of their driver, and the not unfrequent applications of his whip, that the task assigned them must be performed, they applied themselves to it with becoming assiduity, and, as the road was very smooth and for the most part level, I became satisfied that our horses were not to be cruelly overworked for our sakes; so I withdrew my sympathy from them, and gave myself up to the enjoyment of the journey.

For the first fifty miles after leaving Naples, we continually passed fields, on either hand, that were devoted to the culture of grapes, of wheat or of vegetables, that I did not recognize. But they were as far advanced as they would be in the vicinity of Syracuse in the middle of May. Grape vines are not grown in Italy as they are in the South of France upon stakes only four or five feet high; but they are trained up trees twenty or thirty feet apart, so that they hang in festoons from tree to tree, ten or twelve feet from the ground. The trees seem to have been planted, and certainly they are trimmed, less for their own benefit than to give support to the vines. They are so much deformed by this treatment that we remarked, as we had often done on our rides about Naples, that we could not see one handsome one. Undoubtedly when the vines shall be covered with their foliage, and clusters of their delicious fruit shall hang thickly from them, those fields will present a luxuriant and perhaps a picturesque appearance. But as we saw them, they were very uninviting. Our eyes, however, were frequently regaled by the sight of orange and lemon groves. And the palm tree, the aloe, the pomegranate and the prickly pear, of huge dimensions, often arrested our attention, as the distinctive products of this bright and sunny region.

Our vetturino (our driver) was not intelligent; so we obtained few satisfactory answers to our questions respecting the country through which we were passing. We, therefore, were left to learn what we could from our Guide Books; and as they are in the hands of so many persons, I need not take the trouble to copy from them.

The taverns on the whole way (I will not call them hotels) were, with two exceptions, very poor; especially those at Capua and St. Agatha, and most especially the one at the Pontine Marshes, of which I shall presently speak. But, when on an excursion of pleasure, good natured persons, such as our party of course were, may find some amusement in the inconveniences and positive discomforts to which they find themselves obliged to submit. So we laughed at our own and each other's little sufferings; and I twice entered in my Diary, "Passed a pretty comfortable night in a miserable tavern."

The day after leaving Naples, we stopped two hours and took dinner in a nice hotel at Mola Gaeta, having accomplished fifty miles or about one-third of our journey. The hotel is said to be located upon the spot where Cicero had a villa, and we were told that the garden is the same that he used to walk in. I am not disposed to doubt that it was so; for the Roman Orator was a man of refined, not to say luxurious, tastes; and the site is certainly a most desirable one. It commands a delightful view of the Bay of Gaeta and of the sea beyond it. Upon the Cape, which forms the eastern shore of the Bay, stands conspicuously the castle in which for a time the Pope found an asylum during the attempted revolution of 1849.

I should have mentioned that, several miles before reaching the last-named place, we entered and travelled upon the famous Appia Via, a road made by the Romans more than two thousand years ago. It originally extended to Brundusium, a city on the Adriatic Sea, 350 miles from Rome. Portions of it are still in existence, and in good repair. It was paved throughout.

Soon after leaving Mola, we passed the spot where, 'tis said by some, Cicero was overtaken and beheaded; and we saw, on the left side of the road, the ruins of the once splendid monument erected to his memory, though he was not buried there.

And here we left the dominions of the King of Naples, and entered upon those of the Pope. Of this we were assured by being obliged to stop, after we had passed through a heavy gate-way, and give account of ourselves to the custom-house officers. A piastre (about equal to a dollar) soon satisfied them that we had no contraband articles in our trunks, and we passed on, after a detention of ten minutes.

We passed many interesting ruins, which we could not stop to examine, and about which we could learn nothing either from our driver or our guide books. We reached Terracina, our second stopping place for the night, before 5 o'clock, having travelled during the day less than thirty miles. The inn at this place was good enough to be called a hotel. And we arrived in time to see something of the spot, which has many classical associations. The present town is built at the foot of a lofty mountainous range of rocks, upon the summit of which once stood Auxur, a city built by the Volci, sacred to Jupiter Auxyrus, of whose temple there are some remains. It was subdued by the Romans, four hundred years before the Christian Era. And allusions are made to it by the historians and poets of Rome. We were particularly attracted by an immense rock that overhangs the road just at the entrance of Terracina. It appears to have broken away from the mountain range at the foot of which it still stands erect, towering to a height of 150 feet. In that dark day, when separation from the society of man and utter seclusion was deemed especially religious, a monk fixed his residence in this rock, sixty or seventy feet from its base, and there lived alone many years. The entrance to his cell is still visible from below.

We passed a comfortable night, and got under way about 8 o'clock the next morning. On leaving Terracina, we entered upon the famous or rather infamous Pontine Marshes. This plain is eight or ten miles in width, and between twenty-five and thirty miles in length, resembling somewhat one of our western prairies. It has long been noted for its unhealthiness, for its banditti, and for the numerous attempts that have been made to drain it. One great objection to travelling from Naples to Rome in the mail coach, which accomplishes the journey in thirty hours, is that it passes over these Pontine Marshes during the night, when the malaria or exhalations are more especially noxious. It is under cover of the night, too, that, here, as elsewhere, evil men do their deeds of darkness. For these reasons, and also that we might have the pleasure of seeing the country through which we were to pass, we chose to travel by vetture—a much slower coach. Nor did we for a moment regret our choice. We saw something every mile of the road to interest us agreeably or otherwise. The aspect of the country, the appearance of the inhabitants, their dwellings, and their labors throughout the Neapolitan dominions, appeared to be the same as we had seen in the vicinity of Naples. But on coming to the Pontine Marshes, we saw, instead of cultivated fields and vineyards, extensive pastures, upon which were large herds of cattle and horses, and now and then buffaloes. These were tended by men and boys, often in dresses of sheepskin, with the wool on. Over these garments the Italian cloak of coarse brown or blue cloth was worn, surmounted by the steeple-crowned hat. This attire, though poor, was picturesque. And these shepherds, as they lay upon the hillocks, or sauntered about the pastures, followed by their dogs, often appeared to us as you have seen them in Italian paintings.

Only occasionally did we see fields under cultivation, and therefore less frequently than in the Neapolitan dominions did we see women hoeing and digging. The dwellings of the poor people who live upon the Pontine Marshes and the Campagna, unlike the stone, tomb-like structures of the Neapolitan peasantry, look like very steep haycocks. They appeared to be constructed of poles, covered with a thick thatching of hay, having only one entrance for light and air—*the door*. You may imagine what amount of civilization people in such a condition can have attained. In complexion they resemble our Onondagas, and I suppose they are about as much improved.

The road across the Pontine Marshes is straight, and elevated five or six feet above the ordinary level of the plain. It is called *Linea Pia*, because rebuilt by Pope Pius VI., on the site of the ancient Appian Way. It is very smooth and hard, and lined on both sides by large elms, which give it the appearance of an avenue of trees.

About half way across this almost uninhabited road, there stand, not far from each other, three stone houses, one of which is the inn, and, as I have already intimated, the most wretched thing of the kind we have yet seen even in Italy. Here we stopped more than two hours, long enough for the place to engrave itself upon my memory. It is believed by many persons to be the site of Appii Forum, mentioned in the 28th chapter of Acts, as the place where some of the Christians of Rome came to meet St. Paul. We were willing so to regard it; and for that reason to take an interest in the place, which has no other attractions.

I should have told you that, for more than half the distance, the canal built by Augustus still runs along close by the side of the road. It is about 20 or 30 feet wide. We saw a number of freighted boats upon it, of from five to ten tons burthen; and every one was drawn by men, because, I suppose, the tow-path is not in such a condition that it can be traversed by beasts.

Before 1 o'clock, we took our departure from Appii Forum, and, after twelve miles further drive upon the straight road, we left the Pontine Marshes, and came upon a higher, rolling country, that could hardly be called hilly. We reached Velletri, our stopping place for the night, about half-past 4 o'clock, having ridden some miles over another portion of the Appian Way. We were there, 125 miles from Naples, and within 25 miles of Rome. It is a city of 12,000 inhabitants, once a place of considerable importance. As in other Italian cities, we found the houses high, and the streets very narrow and filthy. But the scenery about the city is beautiful. A deep, broad intervale on the south reminded me of the valley of the Connecticut, as seen from Northampton, without the river.

The next morning, before 8, we were again on the road, glowing with the expectation that we should see the dome of St. Peter's in two hours, and be in Rome in six. After riding five or six miles on a good road, we came to the town of Genzano. Here we left our coach, and walked about half a mile to see Lake Nemi, one of the most picturesque objects I ever beheld. It occupies what was once the crater of a volcano. It is very regular, of a broad, oval shape, about three miles in circumference. The surface of its water I thought to be 200 feet below the top of the surrounding shore; and everywhere the ascent is cut into terraces that are highly cultivated. At the end, opposite to where we stood, there is a bright-looking village, with its church and bell tower, that added much to the beauty of the picture. Our guide brought us round, a distance of a mile, to the top of the hill above the village, where we left the vetture, and through the grounds of a beautiful villa, belonging to some cardinal or duke. An avenue of grand old olive trees leads to the front entrance—trees so covered with knots and other distortions that should a painter copy them into a picture, you would say he must have misrepresented nature. I gathered many violets and anemonies that were nestling among their roots, and thought of a number of dear ones in Syracuse, to whom I should have been most happy to present them.

At Albano, five miles further, we expected to catch the first sight of the most conspicuous object in the Eternal City. But there was a mistiness in the atmosphere that denied us that pleasure. And it was not until we had gotten nearly half across the Campagna that the dome of St. Peter's became visible to our searching eyes.

The Campagna is an undulating plain that spreads on all sides around Rome, eight or ten miles wide on the south, and stretching off much farther in other directions. Owing to causes never fully ascertained, it has for hundreds of years been deemed a most unhealthy region. The general aspect of it is, therefore, almost as desolate as the Pontine Marshes. Not much of it is under cultivation. Sheep, cattle and horses, with their keepers, seem to be now sole tenants of this once productive and populous plain. All over it are seen ruins of villas, temples and tombs. More conspicuous than all are the long lines of aqueducts, stretching across the waste on their gigantic arches. "These ruins," Murray well says, "appeal more powerfully to the imagination than any other antiquities of Rome." The road over which we passed was the New Appian Way. It brought us by the *Church of St. John Lateran*, second only to St. Peter's in its importance. Of this I shall speak in a future letter.

Near this we entered the city through the *St. John's Gate*, just within which is a palace and custom-house. We gave up our passports, paid a dollar and a half to convince the worthy guardians of the city that there was nothing contraband in our trunks, and passed on without further molestation. We were brought directly by the Coliseum and the Arch of Constantine, and through the Forum of Trajan—that is into the midst or within sight of the principal ruins of old Rome. None of them were intelligible to us then; but we have studied them jointly and severally since; and I may perhaps, hereafter, venture the attempt to give you some account of these wonderful remains of the most illustrious city of antiquity.

We were brought through crooked, narrow, but clean streets, into the very heart of the new Rome; and, after considerable parleying, were so fortunate as to get a lodgement, at 3 1-2 p. m., in the *Hotel de la Minerve*, one of the best in the city.

We had come in the midst of the Carnival, when the city is wont to be thronged with visitors, and were apprehensive that we might not easily find a home. So we congratulated ourselves and each other that we had no more trouble, and set about preparing ourselves for our first dinner in Rome, and at a fashionable hotel.

Yours truly, S. J. MAY.

"CASA WAPPY."

"Casa Wappy" (a childish epithet of nursery endearment) was written by the late professor Moir, of Edinburgh, and is an exquisitely touching poem:

GEM of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled!
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant wealth;
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright,
Thy clasping arms, so round and white,
Casa Wappy!

Thy nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat, thy bow,
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball—
But where art thou?
A corner holds thy empty chair,
Thy playthings idly scattered there
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind, blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee, when morn's first light
Reddens the hills;
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All, to the wall flower and sweet pea,
Are changed—we saw the world through thee,
Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be (while flowers
Revive again)
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain?
O, can it be that o'er the grave
The grass renewed shall yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save,
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so
That man could die,
Life were a mockery, thought were woe,
And truth a lie;
Heaven were a coinage of the brain,
Religion frenzy, virtue vain,
And all our hopes to meet in vain,
Casa Wappy!

MUNGO PARK'S MOSS.

A PUPIL of the great Swedish naturalist, Linnæus, found a common European moss growing on the walls of Jerusalem; and our friend, Dr. Horatius Bonar, brought mosses from the Holy Land, and from the Lands of the Bible, such as you may gather, if you know them, around Edinburgh, or on Hampstead Heath. These mosses, like Saxons, seem to be wide spread; and if they can find moisture, they grow, though not with equal luxuriance, in Scotland, in the South of Italy, on the slope of the sunny hills of Palestine, and, as you will shortly read, even in the African desert, in one of the wayds, or valleys with a stream, or the traces of what is sometimes a stream, running down it. Hasselquist, the pupil of Linnæus, believed that "the hyssop that springeth out of the wall" was just the small *gymnostomum* he found in the crevices of the stones of these bulwarks of Jerusalem; and Solomon, who was wiser than any man that ever lived, and immeasurably wiser than any contemporary—who knew that water from a high source would rise to its level, though carried for miles (a fact not supposed to be known to the Greeks and Romans)—Solomon, who had zoological gardens, and obtained peacocks and monkeys from India—studied plants, from the lofty cedar of the immense Lebanon to the "wee little bit" moss that sprang out of the walls of his garden. Of the knowledge that died with the wisest man, who is there that can judge?

These mosses are, though little, magnificently and munificently beautiful. Examine one with a magnifying glass, or, better still, put under your microscope a leaf or the mouth of the cup, forming what you may call the seed-vessel of these plants, and you will be astonished at their wondrous elegance and marvellous structure. The diversity of the different kinds is very great; for their Creator has made them different; and these mosses, with their netted leaves, with their vessels and curious perist